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462-2/71

LETTERS

The Speech that Refreshes

Sir: Hurrah for Milton Friedman and his "libertarian anarchism" [Dec. 19]. In this age of new economics, unreason, mysticism, New Left hysteria and everyone's paranoia, it is refreshing indeed to hear someone speak calmly, wittingly, logically—all of which Mr. Friedman does so well.

MICHAEL WASHBURN

Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir: Imagine saying that corporate officials should have "only the goal of making money, devoid of any kind of social consciousness! We then thank Professor Friedman for our water and air pollution, our congested highways, and our ghettos—all in the name of a free economy whose dubious goal is the pursuit of profit?

DONALD E. BLACK

Midland, Mich.

Sir: It is very obvious that Mr. Friedman has never been on relief. My mother-in-law has been. Just ask her whether she would prefer to receive an \$80-a-month handout on relief, with all its degradations and red tape, or the same amount in Social Security insurance—for which she and her employers had paid the premiums over many years. In fact, just ask anybody who receives Social Security. Very few of them would state that Mr. Friedman wants to help the poor in any way.

DARIUS D. BUELL

Elmira, Mich.

Sir: I maintain that we'd better have a recession in 1970, or else risk serious depression a year or two later.

JAMES L. MARSHALL

Denton, Texas

Sir: I was flattered and pleased by your cover story on my work and ideas [Dec. 19]. Because the story was so highly accurate on factual details, one amusing lapse stands out. A favorite remark of mine was stated in a way that completely reverses its meaning.

Says the story: "He sometimes speculates that if Franz Joseph had instituted a minimum-wage law, his family might have stayed put and he would be a Soviet citizen."

What I often say is: "If the U.S. had had a minimum-wage law in the 1890s, my parents might not have been able to migrate to the U.S., because there would have been fewer job opportunities available." If Franz Joseph had instituted a minimum-wage law, that would have reduced employment opportunities in the Austro-Hungarian Empire and encouraged, not discouraged, emigration.

MILTON FRIEDMAN

Ely, Vt.

Chosen People

Sir: I do not think we can listen to ourselves in TIME's Essay on the decade of the '60s [Dec. 19] without a lift of the heart, the sense that the world is still something to be renewed and that human beings have been chosen for the task.

MRS. THOMAS S. DUNMIRE

Fort Benning, Ga.

Sir: Contrary to your assertion, the prospect of the '70s is precisely that we will

be "crowded into marginal existence by famine." Only the most extreme efforts will succeed in avoiding this end, and those efforts will be effective only if they are instituted immediately. As for the "quality of human life," the only sure way to obtain quality is by limiting quantity. If there exists a broad consensus among scientists, it is that the imperative of our age is the population dynamic, and that, if the end comes, it comes not with a bang, nor even a whimper, but rather with a birth cry.

ROGER W. KOLVOORD

Department of Geological Sciences
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Sir: We need to grow twice as much food as we do now in order to adequately feed the earth's 3 billion people. And the population is increasing by 70 million per year. A "grain glut" in the '70s you say. Wait and see.

KENNETH L. FITCH

Department of Biological Sciences
Illinois State University
Normal, Ill.

Sir: "The green revolution"? Not likely. With eutrophication and desiccation of soil and water by fertilizers, detergents and you and me, our only hope is that the pragmatism of the democratic process will be directed not to personal or corporate gain but rather to population control and protection of our greatest wealth: wildlife and wilderness.

K. J. KRUSHAL

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Everything Goes

Sir: For several issues you have been talking about cyclamate, monosodium glutamate, and other food additives that may be considered poison. Let's be sensible before we stop the use of everything and die of monotony.

PHILIP SADLER

Philadelphia

Sir: What is it? "A pasteurized blend of water, hydrogenated vegetable oil, sugar, starch, sodium-phosphate, derivatives of mono- and diglycerides, sodium caseinate, polyoxyethylene (20), sorbitan triacetate, salt, cellulose gum, calcium chloride, vanilla and artificial flavor. Charged with nitric oxide and carbon dioxide." It goes well with pumpkin pie. Answer: a desert topping. Makes you wonder, doesn't it?

(MRS.) JUDY DARE

New Orleans

Shedding Some Light

Sir: Re "Hitler's Last Great Gamble" [Dec. 19]. Any member of the U.S. Army's 28th Infantry stationed near the Our River separating northeastern Luxembourg from Germany who went on a reconnaissance patrol or was at a forward post during the three days preceding the attack knew that something big was brewing. For eight hours preceding the attack, the skies over the river were illuminated by plain searchlights enabling tanks and troops to assemble and cross the river—and all this was dutifully reported back to headquarters by its "dogfaces." U.S. Intelligence wasn't unaware. They either underestimated the situation or had some "method to their madness"—those of us

who spent months in a German P.O.W. camp mulling it all over would like to know just what did happen to G-2.

LAWRENCE I. FALSTEIN

Chicago

Overextended Credit

Sir: I was pleased to see the consumer revolution featured in TIME [Dec. 12], and I was happy to see Massachusetts law cited among other advanced consumer legislation in the country.

However, Massachusetts residents have three days, not ten, to reconsider and cancel contracts they sign with door-to-door salesmen. I am afraid your writers overextended our credit.

ROBERT H. QUINN

Attorney General

Boston

The Bird

Sir: Your article about Stephen Potter reminds me of a lecture that he gave at the University of Illinois when I was a student there. As I recall, the head of the English Department introduced Mr. Potter with the remark that he had never understood English humor and sometimes doubted its existence. The professor illustrated his view: He had heard someone telling the old joke about the male robin who, upon finding a brown egg in his nest, inquired of his wife regarding this phenomenon. She replied that she had done it for a lark. The professor remembered having heard the joke retold later by a Briton who told it intact, except for the tag line, which became: "I did it for a sparrow." This, the professor insisted, made it difficult to believe in English humor.

Mr. Potter took the podium and ac-

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times we're hard to love. But we want you to recognize how important we are to our economy, now and for the years ahead.

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knowledgeed the introduction with: "Thank you, Professor, but I'm terribly sorry that you didn't get the point of the sparrow joke." Of course.

G. L. ANDREWS

Chicago

Supercilled

Sir: Dr. Hoenikker invented an "unnatural" water called "Ice Nine" in the book *Cat's Cradle* by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. "Ice Nine" propagated itself by feeding on natural water and eventually ended up making the earth uninhabitable. The creation of "polywater" [Dec. 19] by the Russians and its subsequent re-creation in the U.S. and Britain bring to mind the dangers of such a substance if it should be let loose. Vonnegut's novel begins to sound like chilling prophecy.

MIKE Tierney

Bridgeport, Conn.

Aftershocks

Sir: You shouldn't have told us. If Nixon hears that it is possible that Red China could deploy an intercontinental subterranean earthquake [Dec. 19], he might feel an uncontrollable urge to deploy counter-platforms. That would mean years of costly research to find out the right height for the platforms and the proper intervals for all of us overweight citizens to jump. Then would come debates over whether it would work, whether it would be worth the money, and whether anybody cares. Meanwhile, some Russian-launched earthquake would come along and destroy us all. If you had kept your mouth shut, we could have lived out our lives in blissful ignorance.

PHILIP LORANG

San Diego

Sir: Fifty million motorists simultaneously applying their brakes from a speed of 60 m.p.h. would impart 50 times as much energy to the earth's crust as David Stone's jumping Chinese. Careful coordination could focus the energy at any point on earth. Unfortunately, the first Chinese jump would destroy our highways and prevent a retaliatory attack. Therefore a preventive strike should be made at once.

J. B. BLEAKLEY

Sierra Madre, Calif.

Sir: Perhaps the Chinese could be persuaded to develop a one-strike capability by jumping off a 50-ft. platform. Surely this would be a giant leap for mankind.

STEVE BUNDY JR.

Wilmington, N.C.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York N.Y. 10020.

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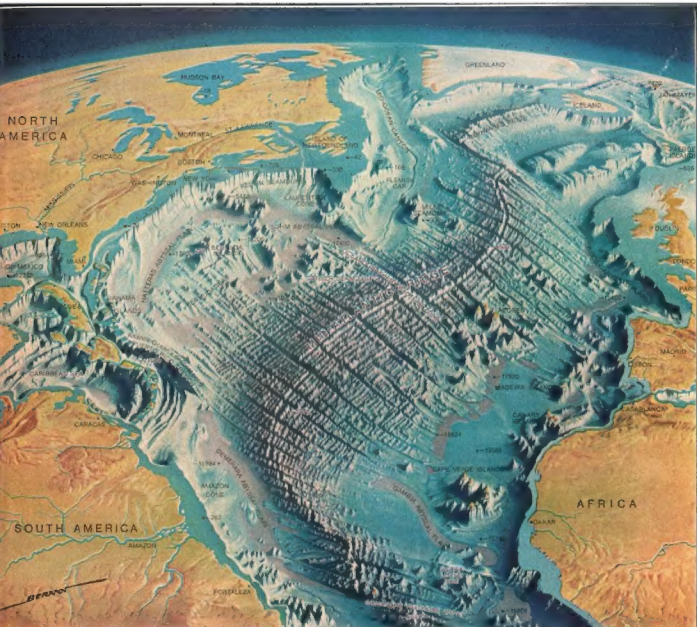
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 12, 1970 Vol. 95, No. 2

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Condition of War

Some time last week in Viet Nam, the 40,000th American fell in the longest U.S. war. More than eight years have passed since the first American adviser, Sp/4 James T. Davis, was killed in Viet Nam on Dec. 21, 1961. Boys who were fifth-graders then are now turning their heads and coughing for doctors in induction centers.

Philosophers and theologians may remain forever at odds on whether war or peace is the natural condition of man. What is well established is man's almost infinite adaptability. It has enabled him to survive and civilize, but it also enables him at times to tolerate the intolerable, which is not always a virtue. One moral danger of Viet Nam may be that it begins to convince the nation that the violent sacrifice of its sons, like the perennial feeding of Athenian youths to the Minotaur, is in the inevitable order of things. Certainly the Vietnamese themselves, their homeland a battleground for more than 20 years, have long since been infected by such a stupefying sense of human affairs. There is the chill of a death beyond the sum of the individual deaths creeping up through a society for which war becomes routine.

Bound to Happen?

Such troubling reflections are reinforced by the response of Americans to the My Lai massacre in TIME's Harris Poll on page 10. By the large majority of 65%, those who were questioned expressed the opinion that "incidents such as this are bound to happen in a war." Almost as disturbing to note are the 13% who have no opinion on My Lai. 22% clearly expressed moral repugnance to the idea that American soldiers may have intentionally gunned down unarmed women and children. How can such a response be explained?

One answer, of course, is that many Americans so far simply refuse to believe that any massacre occurred. Another may be due to a reflex of patriotism, also demonstrated in the poll. This reflex says, in effect, that even if a massacre took place, this is no time, while the war still goes on, to bring it up, to sully the reputation or sap the nerve of Americans still risking their lives in the paddies and jungles. There may also be at work an edge of guilt or battle wisdom in U.S. attitudes. There are, after all, millions of adult Americans who have fought from the Argonne to Inchon and carry their own private knowledge of the necessities

—and the better-forgotten brutalities —of personal combat. It would be reassuring to think that these explanations encompass the opinions of those who appear to dismiss My Lai; the alternative is to contemplate an American adaptability carried to the point of callousness and barbarism.

California Style

American law permits divorce, but reluctantly. It is a deeply rooted Western tradition that the partners must be somehow punished for ending a marriage. Hence the squalid court fights, private detectives with strobe guns, ruinously expensive lawyers' fees and the weeks at Reno dude ranches. A quarter of American marriages end in divorce, and most of the divorces are doubly bitter because of the judicial process that formally pits the parting husband and wife against each other.

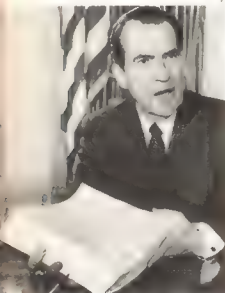
Now California, the Western continental edge where the nation's future is said to lie, has adopted a divorce reform law that permits a couple to terminate their marriage almost on demand. No longer must cruelty, adultery, desertion or neglect be proved. If either husband or wife claims that "irreconcilable differences" exist and if the judge concurs, he can grant a divorce—or rather, in a terminology designed to eliminate the suggestion of angry separation—he can declare the marriage dissolved. Requiring a residency of six months, and an added six-month waiting period, the new law will principally benefit the 20 million Californians, rather than turn the state into a new Reno or Juarez. It should also relieve some children of future poisonous memories of their parents' parting.

Rand's Year

Santa Monica's Rand Corp. is home to some of the nation's most intimidatingly intellectual precisionists. But Rand has left itself open to the burlesque of, say, a Jerry Lewis abstracted-professor routine. Rand mailed out some 20,000 calendars for 1970 festooned with the thoughts of William James, T. S. Eliot and others. Such were the distractions that some of the calendars came out with no June and two Julys, or no January and two Februaries. Rand, which is busy plotting America's future course in dozens of areas, had a programmed explanation. "It was a random collating error," said a spokesman, which resulted in only one mistake in every 450 calendars.



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To tolerate the intolerable is not always virtuous.



NIXON WITH TAX BILL



LOS ANGELES SMOG, SPRING 1969

Nixon's 1970 Worries: Economy and Environment

THOUGH he managed to escape from Washington to the Southern California sun, last week was a chilly, somber time for President Richard Nixon. While the war in Viet Nam goes grimly on, it is no longer his chief preoccupation; the polls show and his Democratic opposition concedes that Vietnamization and U.S. troop withdrawals have relieved, at least for now, the political pressures of the war on the President. Instead, Nixon has turned his attention to the two questions that have cast their shadows over the politics of 1970, inflation and the quality of the American environment.

Before he left the capital, the President made a show of reluctance as he signed a sweeping income tax revision bill that also includes a 15% increase in Social Security benefits (TIME, Dec. 26). The Treasury estimates that the new legislation will increase federal revenues by \$3.7 billion in the first half of 1970 and by \$2.7 billion in the fiscal year that begins July 1. But Nixon fears that the additional revenues will be eaten away by overly generous congressional appropriations, by the Social Security hike and by a continued rise in the Government's fixed costs. He warned that an inflationary deficit in the federal budget now "would be irresponsible and intolerable." For the coming fiscal year beginning July 1, Nixon added, "I shall take the action I consider necessary to present a balanced budget."

\$200 Billion Neighborhood. To spur him on, there is the lesson of what is happening in the current fiscal year, when federal spending may well work out to total more than Nixon's hoped-for ceiling of \$192.9 billion. The fat \$5.8 billion surplus that the Administration once

so cheerily anticipated will probably get much skinnier as the economy slows down and tax collections shrink with it. Nixon damned the Democratic-controlled Congress for putting his surplus in peril. "In the very session when the Congress reduced revenues by \$3 billion, it increased spending by \$3 billion more than I recommended," he said.

The Administration's planning for the next fiscal year is clouded by varying guesses about how serious the 1970 business slowdown may become. Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman and Budget Director Robert Mayo were working with Nixon in California to put the final touches on the new budget. Part of their difficulty is with what Washington budget watchers call "the uncontrollables"—unavoidable automatic rises in payments for Medicare, Social Security and farm support. Another factor is the price of funding the national debt, a cost that has been driven up by the high interest rates of the Government's own anti-inflationary tight-money policies. Educated estimators put the size of the upcoming budget for fiscal 1971 at between \$198 billion and \$202 billion.

Since Nixon has ruled out a budget deficit, there are only two things that he can do to produce a balanced budget in the neighborhood of \$200 billion. He must find new taxes to add to federal revenues and he must hack away with determination at the spending requests that his department heads have put before him. He can hardly ask for a surtax extension beyond June 30, since he himself campaigned to end it, even if he changed his mind, moreover, Congress would hardly vote it in an election year. Nixon is intrigued by the idea of a value added tax, which is in ef-

fect a national sales tax of the kind becoming standard in the Common Market countries, but he has rejected it for now. Instead, he will try a bits-and-pieces approach. White House aides believe that he will renew his request for \$600 million in postal-rate increases, ask for new excise taxes on such services as airline travel, and speed up collection of gift and inheritance taxes.

Blood and Buddha. On the budget cutting side, Government agencies are being squeezed hard. Some have come to Nixon and Mayo asking for more money and have left with less than they had got the year before.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird cut back \$4 billion in the current fiscal year and stands to lose another \$3 billion to \$4 billion beginning July 1, leaving the Pentagon with about \$73 billion to spend in fiscal 1971. Agriculture and the space program will also suffer a nasty pinch; only the Justice Department is likely to come out unscathed for the second year running. Says one Administration adviser: "There's only one Cabinet member who's sitting back smiling like Buddha, and that's John Mitchell. He got what he wanted, and he's about the only one who did."

Aside from the politics of budget making, does it matter if there is a surplus? Some think not. Says Herbert Stein, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, "Many people now see a magical significance in a shift of a few billion dollars in the budget position, especially if the shift crosses the line between surplus and deficit. In a trillion-dollar economy this is hard to understand." Still, it is what the President wants and has promised.

In spite of the brutal butchery that he is imposing in other areas of federal



BUDGET DIRECTOR MAYO
Some were sorry they saw him.

spending, Nixon is working to find room for one important new program that will cost nearly \$2 billion in its first year alone: a campaign to improve the natural environment of America, centered at the start on combating water pollution. Last week the President signed a bill to create a three member Council of Environmental Advisers, and he made a point of inviting reporters to the Western White House in order to explain his feelings.

Unfit for Living. "It is literally now or never," Nixon said. "A major goal for the next ten years for this country must be to restore the cleanliness of the air, the water, the broader problem of population congestion, transport and the like." Perhaps Nixon's own rediscovery of his transformed native Southern California helped convert him to the cause. He had toured the environs of San Clemente only the day before, and his comments reflected what he had seen. "If you look ahead ten years," he said, "you project population growth, car growth, and that means of course smog growth, water pollution and the rest—an area like this will be unfit for living. New York will be, and Philadelphia. Of course, 75% of the people will be living in areas like this."

In his State of the Union message later this month, the President will emphasize this aspect of the quality of American life. To that, unlike his budget, he should find little resistance on Capitol Hill. Prominent Senate Democrats like Edmund Muskie of Maine and Henry Jackson of Washington have urged more sweeping measures than the bill Nixon signed last week. In 1969, when the Administration asked a \$214 million ceiling on new funds for municipal sewage-treatment plants that would reduce water pollution, Congress went ahead and appropriated \$800 million instead.

A TIME-Louis Harris Poll

The War: New Support For Nixon

Shortly before President Nixon's Nov. 3 address to the nation, a TIME-Louis Harris poll found the U.S. public gloomy about the prospect of victory yet determined to secure an honorable peace in Viet Nam, eager for an end to the war but willing to give the Administration time to search for a settlement. Last month, in a follow-up TIME poll, Harris questioned a national cross-section of 1,608 households to gauge the impact of the Administration's appeal for support. The findings:

HEEDING his appeal to "the great silent majority," the U.S. public has rallied behind both President Nixon and his Viet Nam policy. Although a sizable plurality still have serious reservations about the ultimate results of this policy, an overwhelming majority of 82% feel that Nixon is doing all he can to end the war. The public, which in October disapproved Nixon's handling of the war by a margin of 50% to 45%, now approves his performance on Viet Nam 54% to 40% (see box). But Nixon still faces a small threat from the right: Those who voted for George Wallace in 1968 criticize him for "not trying to win the war" and give him a negative rating, 56% to 38%.

A substantial majority approve the President's plan for U.S. disengagement from Viet Nam. Support for immediate withdrawal of U.S. fighting men has dropped from 36% in October to 32% last month, while support for an accelerated troop pullout has fallen from

29% to 26%. Correspondingly, backing for the Nixon timetable of withdrawals geared to South Vietnamese ability to take over the fighting has increased. Sixty-one per cent went along with the Nixon schedule in October; 65% went along last month.

Though Nixon's appeal for support of his peace efforts has met with signal success, his attack on opponents of his war policy has been only moderately successful. A greater number than ever before now go along with the Administration claim that Viet Nam is essential to U.S. security; where the public rejected this contention 47% to 41% in October, it now accepts it 52% to 34%. More also believe that "opposition to the war is led by radicals who don't care what happens to the U.S." In October, the public rejected this statement 49% to 37%, but now it accepts it by a narrow plurality of 44% to 42%. There is, however, no massive rallying behind Vice President Spiro Agnew's charges against the Eastern press and television networks. Only 39% go along with the Agnew attacks, while 29% are unable to make any judgment on them at all.

Surprisingly, Americans are not particularly disturbed by the disclosure that U.S. troops apparently massacred several hundred South Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. By a substantial 65% to 22%, the public shrugs off My Lai, reasoning that "incidents such as this are bound to happen in a war." It also rejects by a margin of 65% to 24% the charge that My Lai proves that U.S. in-

Changing Views on Viet Nam

OCTOBER

Do you approve President Nixon's handling of the Viet Nam War?

Approve	Disapprove	Not Sure
45%	50%	5%

Are you in favor of immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Viet Nam, a faster pace of withdrawals, or the plan put forward by the President to gear U.S. withdrawals to South Vietnamese ability to take over the war effort?

Immediate	Faster	Nixon Plan
36%	29%	61%

Do you agree that Viet Nam is essential to U.S. security?

Agree	Disagree	Not Sure
41%	47%	12%

Do you agree that opposition to the war is led by radicals who don't care what happens to the U.S.?

Agree	Disagree	Not Sure
37%	49%	14%

DECEMBER

Approve	Disapprove	Not Sure
54%	40%	6%

Immediate	Faster	Nixon Plan
32%	26%	65%

Agree	Disagree	Not Sure
52%	34%	14%

Agree	Disagree	Not Sure
44%	42%	14%

* Results compiled from the answers to three separate questions, hence totals are greater than 100%.

volvement in the war has been morally wrong all along.

Though the public does not agree with Agnew's overall attacks on TV and the press, it is highly critical of the news media for their part in reporting the My Lai incident. Sixty-seven percent of those polled believe that the press and TV should not have reported statements by soldiers involved prior to a trial. Americans show considerable sympathy for Lieut. William Calley, the platoon leader charged with over 100 of the deaths at My Lai. By a margin of 55% to 23%, they believe that Calley is being made a scapegoat by the Government.

Although Nixon has not been hurt by either My Lai or the moral turpitudes, his consensus is still clouded. Americans may support his policy in the short run, but they remain disturbingly uncertain about both the success of Vietnamization and the ultimate outcome of the war. A plurality of 41% to 39% believe that South Viet Nam will be unable to defend itself without U.S. troops. More significant, the number who feel that South Viet Nam will eventually go Communist has not changed one point since October. It was 43% then and remains 43% now. The message seems clear. Americans are less interested in fighting the war than ending it, and will support their President's efforts to wind it down but not continue it indefinitely.

TRIALS

A Second Soldier Charged

Five weeks after making its decision to court-martial Lieut. William Calley on charges of premeditated murder, the Army announced that a second man would be tried in connection with the alleged massacre of South Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. He is Staff Sergeant David Mitchell, 29, who led one of the three squads in Calley's platoon on March 16, 1968. He was charged last week with committing with intent to murder, "an assault upon a group of 30 Vietnamese nationals, more or less, by shooting at them with an M 16 rifle." If convicted, he would face a maximum penalty of 20 years at hard labor.

A tall, husky career Army man Mitchell was one of 15 children of the black pastor of Raspberry Baptist Church in Saint Francisville, La. He entered the Army in 1960 and served in Korea and Hawaii before going to Viet Nam in December 1967. He loved the Army, and recently, when asked to describe himself, replied, "I'm a hell of a soldier." He told a news conference last month that he had seen no massacre at My Lai and doubted that one had taken place. Last week in Washington he said simply, "I am not guilty."

Twenty-four more former members of C Company are under investigation. One high-ranking officer offered the opinion last week that at least 20 of these would eventually be charged.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY First Look at Asia

"Will Agnew talk, roar or do a lot of listening?" wondered a columnist in the *Philippines Herald*. As it turned out, the Vice President adopted a painstakingly correct manner as he arrived in Manila last week on the first stop of his 25-day, 39,000-mile tour of eleven Asian and Pacific countries. "It's all very interesting," he said blandly. "I am not in a position to make pronouncements on this part of the world." When a group of youthful protesters lobbed a firecracker at his limousine, he refused to become rattled, even if it meant newspapers escalated the firecracker into a firebomb. "It didn't really amount to much," he declared benignly.

Agnew remained cautious and rather stiff as he attended the inauguration of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos, chatted with South Korean Prime Min-

ister Chung Il Kwon and carried out such ceremonial chores as laying wreaths, visiting an experimental rice farm, and dispensing the latest U.S. diplomatic lagniappe to friendly heads of state (tiny pieces of moon rock).

Realty Encouraged. Leaving Judy behind, Agnew flew to Saigon on New Year's Day for a 24-hour visit General Creighton Abrams. U.S. commander in Viet Nam, was too ill with pneumonia to confer with him, but Agnew was warmly received by President Nguyen Van Thieu. "The hawk," a palace aide said later, "is always welcome." Agnew brought no specific message from Nixon. However, he assured Thieu that U.S. withdrawal would be gradual.

Next morning the Vice President visited the U.S. Army's 24th Evacuation Hospital. "We are going to get you out of here," he told Staff Sergeant John

Bishop. "Roger that." Bishop said. When another patient told him, "I don't feel I should be here," Agnew paused and replied in a whisper, "We all want to get it over with." Later, he expressed enthusiasm about the progress of the war. "The most significant thing to me," he told reporters, "was the way the ARVN are working with the U.S. forces. I'm really encouraged."

Agnew's visit to Taiwan was billed as a mission of reassurance. The Chinese Nationalists have been dismayed by Washington's recent moves to improve relations with Peking by slightly easing trade restrictions and seeking to resume ambassador-level talks. En route to Taipei, Agnew defended the policy of lessening tensions and said that it would continue. "Communist China is a country of over 800 million people. They can't be ignored." On arrival, however, he assured President Chiang Kai-shek that "there is no diminution in their posture here." Then he flew on to Bangkok to deliver the same message to King Bhumibol and the Thai government.



"IT'S OK JUST THE STRAIN OF WAITING FOR HIM TO CALL THEM CHINKS OR JAPS OR GOOKS OR SLANTS"

ister Chung Il Kwon and carried out such ceremonial chores as laying wreaths, visiting an experimental rice farm, and dispensing the latest U.S. diplomatic lagniappe to friendly heads of state (tiny pieces of moon rock).

A Pacific Power. Agnew warmly congratulated Marcos on his inaugural address calling for a "revolutionary reformation of our international and domestic policies." In a private talk, Marcos told Agnew that many Asian leaders had feared that the so-called Nixon doctrine—avoiding future Viet Nams while maintaining U.S. commitments—was a sign that the U.S. was veering toward isolationism. Agnew assured Marcos that the U.S. intended to remain a Pacific power.

The Vice President was accompanied by his wife Judy, who had never been overseas before, and sometimes seemed understandably ill at ease making small talk with Presidents and Prime Ministers. "It's the 29th, isn't it?" she asked nervously, as she signed the guest book at the presidential palace. Judy's shyness

was offset by the easygoing enthusiasm of Apollo 10 Astronaut Eugene Cernan, who accompanied the Agnews on the first week of their tour. With an arm around Judy Agnew, Cernan told Philippine First Lady Imelda Marcos, "We feel the moon belongs to everyone." "Ah," beamed Mrs. Marcos, "in the American song."

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THE SOUTH Surrender in Mississippi

To most white Mississippians, integration has always been something to be resisted, not accepted. Rallying behind the cry of "Segregation forever," citizens of the state have resorted to violence, intimidation and a Byzantine series of legal maneuvers as they sought to avoid compliance with the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision. Now the unthinkable has become the inevitable. In October, the Supreme Court ordered an end to the delays by which 30 of the state's school districts have managed to maintain "separate but equal" education. Beginning this week, school desegregation will become a reality for 67,813 black and 55,461 white Mississippi schoolchildren.

There are some diehard segregationists who refuse to recognize defeat and vow to continue the fight. It is doubtful that they can. Their leaders have so far offered more rhetoric than resistance. Former Gubernatorial Candidate Jimmy Swan called a meeting in Jackson to protest the exploitation of Mississippi schoolchildren by "tyrannical Federal Government bureaucrats." But his call for massive resistance has lost its impact as a battle cry, and the best he could do was urge parents to keep their children out of integrated schools.

No Reprieve. Nor do state officials, who once led the fight against integration, seem willing or able to lead yet another charge on the Constitution. Offering less leadership than sympathy, Governor John Bell Williams, father of two school-age children, delivered an equivocal statement calling for support of the public school system while expressing understanding of the problem faced by parents who contemplate keep-

ing their children out of school. But unlike former Governor Ross Barnett, who once stood in a doorway to keep James Meredith from entering the University of Mississippi, Williams offered no hope of reprieve. Recognizing what many of his fellow citizens would not, he said that Mississippi had fired its last legal shot and had no choice but to surrender.

For this reason, opposition is expected to be vocal, not violent, as the desegregated schools open this week. Taking their cue from State Superintendent of Education Dr. Garvin Johnston, most local school authorities have spent the past several weeks in a frenzy of activity, working to shift equipment and portable classrooms, pleading with teachers to remain on their jobs, and urging parents to give desegregation a chance. Though some picketing is anticipated, federal officials expect that at least two-thirds of the 30 districts affected will desegregate without serious incident. "The word has apparently gone out to the power structure in Mississippi that it's going to be peaceful and orderly," said one federal official.

Segregation Academies. In some districts, this will undoubtedly be the case. Philadelphia, near where three civil rights workers were murdered in 1964, is expected to desegregate without incident. So is Yazoo City, a west central Mississippi community of 12,100. Instead of waiting vainly for last-minute deliverance, local leaders called a public meeting to appeal for calm and compliance. They will probably get both. A majority of the 1,200 attending left the meeting convinced that the public school system could survive the integration of the town's 2,014 white and 2,089 black students.

Still, many Mississippians hope to avoid what they cannot delay. In the pat-

tern of Virginia, Louisiana and other Southern states where many more than 200 private schools have been established in order to exclude blacks, more than 30 new private schools have been set up in Mississippi since September. They are in addition to 56 "segregation academies" already in existence. In the Canton Municipal District, where black students outnumber whites three to one, some 90% of the whites are either enrolled or attempting to enroll in the private Canton Academic Foundation. In Holmes County, where black students outnumber whites by more than five to one, hysterical parents are planning to abandon the public schools entirely.

Ordeal of Change. Despite local fears, neither integration nor the exodus from the public schools is likely to destroy public education in Mississippi. Many parents cannot afford the \$40 or more monthly tuition charged by most of the private schools. Past experience has shown that those who boycott newly integrated schools soon begin to trickle back.

Mississippi's ordeal of change will soon be shared by other Southern states. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare still lists 926 Southern school districts as segregated and has voluntary agreements from 118 to desegregate next fall. Four hundred more are under court orders that will probably be revised to require them to desegregate by then too.

PERSONALITY

The Odyssey of Ross Perot

His odyssey of good will had taken him 35,000 miles, but when Texas Billionaire H. Ross Perot, 39, came home to Dallas last week, he had little to show for his trip. Twelve days earlier, Perot had loaded a chartered Boeing 707 jet—christened *Peace on Earth*—with Christmas presents and messages for American G.I.s held captive by the North Vietnamese. Another jet, named *Goodwill Toward Men*, waited vainly in Los Angeles for his call to follow.

Perot's first stop was Bangkok, where he arranged to meet with Hanoi officials in Vientiane, Laos. They refused to allow delivery of the cargo to the American prisoners, so Perot tried another good-will tactic, offering "traditional Christmas dinners" for North Vietnamese war orphans. Rebuffed again, the persistent Perot went to the Russian embassy in Vientiane to try to get the packages delivered via Moscow.

Nyet. Perot was a paradox to the Communists, who could not conceive of one man having so much power. To them, it was almost like dealing with a small, well-financed country. When the Viet Cong complained of civilian bombing by U.S. planes, Perot offered to make good the damages. When Hanoi said that if Moscow agreed, the packages would have to be delivered by Dec. 31, Perot, clad in light blue jump suit and sick with a virus, loaded his



PRIVATE SCHOOL IN VILLE PLATTE, LA., COUNTRY STORE
The unthinkable has become the inevitable.



PEROT AT JOURNEY'S END
Paradox in a blue jump suit.

troupe of newsmen and Red Cross workers aboard the 707, chartered for \$1,450 an hour, and set off for Europe. He wanted to be close to Moscow. Told by India and Burma that he could not fly over those countries, he turned around and flew over the top of the world.

Peace on Earth set down briefly at Anchorage, Alaska, where about 1,000 volunteers repacked the cargo in 66-lb bundles to meet Moscow's postal specifications. But when Perot arrived in Copenhagen, the message from Moscow was *nyet*. He even tried a desperate call to Russian Premier Alexei Kosygin at home, to no avail.

Highly Motivated. Despite his widely publicized, seemingly quixotic journey, Ross Perot is a modest, if highly motivated man. The son of a cotton broker, he neither smokes nor drinks, drives a five-year-old car and buys his conservative suits off the rack. He met his wife Margot while he was an Annapolis midshipman, and they and their four children live in a relatively modest four-bedroom house in Dallas.

Only eight years ago, Perot was a salesman for IBM. He used \$1,000 to form the Electronic Data Systems Corp. and in what *FORTUNE* called "perhaps the most spectacular personal coup in the history of American business," he made it an incredibly successful computer manufacturing company whose stock is now worth about \$1.7 billion. Perot holds 83% of it. A political independent driven by a sincere love of country, Perot says: "I've always tried to use my money for programs for young people so they can lead the country in the next generation."

Toward this end, Perot has given away fortunes. He anonymously contributed \$2.4 million to form an experimental elementary school for 1,000 poor Dallas black and Mexican Americans. An Eagle Scout during his Tex-

arkana youth, Perot gave \$1 million to the Boy Scouts to investigate ways of taking scouting into the ghetto. He gave a ranch to the Girl Scouts for a part-time boarding school for the underprivileged, and a Dallas high school gets \$50,000 annually to subsidize tuition for poor Mexican Americans.

On Viet Nam, Perot observes: "I want the killing stopped and the energies and creativity devoted to building America." So Perot formed an organization called United We Stand, whose guiding philosophy he describes broadly as "concern for all people." He believes that only a President can bring about peace and strongly backs Richard Nixon's plan to end the war. He would do the same for Hubert Humphrey if he were President, says Perot, who also defends the rights of dissenters. Recently, he financed Paris trips by wives of missing G.I.s in an unsuccessful effort to learn from the Hanoi delegation if their husbands are among the 1,400 prisoners believed to be in North Viet Nam.

Town Meeting. Perot is deeply concerned that many Americans do not become involved with vital problems of the country. To help change this, he is negotiating with the TV networks for hour-long discussions of national issues. The programs will have an electronic town-meeting format: 20 minutes of impartial background and 20 minutes each for two exponents of differing viewpoints. Printed ballots will appear in newspapers for viewers to mail in, giving their responses to the debates.

"I don't care where they stand," insists Ross Perot. "The man I worry about is the one who hasn't taken any position."

THE KENNEDYS Back to Chappaquiddick

Six months ago, a black Oldsmobile 88 sedan owned by Edward Kennedy plunged off a narrow wooden bridge on the island of Chappaquiddick. The car overturned in a tidal pond and Mary Jo Kopechne died.

It was the most publicized automobile accident in history, yet those are virtually the only facts about it that are beyond dispute. Except, perhaps, that Chappaquiddick has shadowed Kennedy's political career and capsize his presidential hopes—at least for 1972. This week in the red-brick Dukes County courthouse in Edgartown, Mass., Justice James A. Boyle will sit to hear "the case of Mary Jo Kopechne, No. 15220," in a closed inquest aimed at sorting out some of the bewilderment of the night of July 18-19.

The inquest may or may not solve the basic mysteries of the case—not all of the unanswered questions are legally relevant. If Kennedy is exonerated of any suspicion of guilt, the inquest and transcript will become public. Kennedy has promised his own report on the case if the judge's decision does not fully explain the incident. But there is

also the possibility that Kennedy might face a grand jury. Although Massachusetts has no criminal-negligence law, Boyle is charged with finding out "when, where and by what means the person deceased came to her death," and whether an "unlawful act or negligence" contributed to that death. Among other things, Boyle will question guests at the Chappaquiddick cookout about whether drunken driving was involved. If Boyle decides that there might have been an unlawful act, the record of the inquest can remain secret unless a grand jury hears the case.

When and Why? Originally, an inquest open to the press was to have begun Sept. 3 in Edgartown. But Kennedy's lawyers successfully petitioned the Massachusetts Supreme Court to have the hearing held in secret. Kennedy feared that the inquest would be conducted in effect as an adversary proceeding, with his lawyers denied the right of cross-examination.

Judge Boyle announced none of his ground rules for the inquest beforehand. He will probably call the eleven guests from the cookout first and then the local witnesses. Attorneys Joseph Gargan and Paul Markham, the two men other than Kennedy who know the most about what happened on the night of the accident, might unravel some of the contradictions. When did the accident occur? How did Kennedy return to Edgartown? Why wasn't the accident reported immediately? Kennedy, who prepared for his ordeal with a skiing vacation in Colorado, will be his own most important witness.

For all the considerable lacunae of the case, the speculation about Edward Kennedy's odd, harrowing night revolves about two central questions: Could he have saved Mary Jo's life by seeking help swiftly, as Diver John Farrar, who



KENNEDY SKIING AT VAIL, COLO.
Into the lacunae.

recovered Mary Jo's body, claims? Was Kennedy trying for nine or ten hours to elude responsibility for her death? Public interest in the case has sometimes been morbid or even prurient but, as Kennedy knows, much of the curiosity is not only understandable but legitimate. Eventually, he will have to satisfy it.

The Olsen Theory. One writer has raised an intriguing doubt that Kennedy was even in the car when it sank in Poucha Pond. Jack Olsen, who is a senior editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, argues in *The Bridge at Chappaquiddick* that the

Senator stopped the car on the dirt road leading to the bridge and got out. His motive, says Olsen, was to avoid being recognized—alone with a young woman late at night—by Deputy Sheriff Christopher Look, who had spotted the car a moment earlier at the intersection of the dirt road and the paved road leading to the Edgartown ferry. "It would have been a very logical step," writes Olsen, "for Kennedy to stop the car between the high walls of underbrush and tell Mary Jo to circle back and pick him up in a few minutes if the policeman did not give chase."

According to Olsen's theory, Mary Jo, a foot shorter than Kennedy and barely able to see over the steering wheel, continued down the dirt road, unable to see that the humpbacked Duke Bridge veered to the left as she approached. Kennedy, speculates Olsen, returned on foot to the cottage. According to Olsen's conclusion, Kennedy did not learn of Mary Jo's death until morning. Unanswered is the question why Kennedy would have gone on television to speak of "some awful curse" afflicting the Kennedys if he had not even been near the car when Mary Jo died.



HOOVER



BOGART



LINDSAY



MCCORMICK



ROOSEVELT

Sir Ronald's Well-Sharp Portraits

IN the diplomat's trade, euphemism is the rule and waspish apothegms a rarity. The late Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador to Washington from 1930 through 1939, turns out to have been one of those uncommon envoys with a sharply pointed pencil. He was a career diplomat, the fifth son of an earl; he was first married to the daughter of a U.S. Senator, and after her death wed another American. In his last Washington years, he worked to strengthen Anglo-American ties as World War II approached.

Almost 2,000 volumes of once confidential government papers were made public in London last week under a law that permits their disclosure after a period of 30 years. Among them were Sir Ronald's pithy 1939 memoranda to the Foreign Office in London about prominent Americans of the day. Some of his characterizations:

Franklin D. Roosevelt: A "baffling character" with "the strength of an ox, enormously charming but a poor judge of men. He appears to be extremely obstinate and to dislike opposition. His intellectual powers are really only moderate and his knowledge of certain subjects, particularly finance and economics, is superficial."

Herbert Hoover: Probably "the most abused man in the U.S., without the power to turn on a cheerful smile, to

give the glad hand or to make the humorous remark which means so much to a publicity-ridden country."

Assistant Secretary of State **Adolf A. Berle Jr.:** "100 percent intellectual," but "a specialist in too many subjects to be quite convincing in any one of them." He "had an academic career at Harvard of such distinction that he has never quite recovered from it."

Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., then 37 and a Senator from Massachusetts. "He is rather pompous for his age and decidedly interested first and foremost in his own career."

Idaho's Republican Senator **William Borah,** an avowed isolationist: "He is almost an ideal Senator, with no desire to put forward constructive ideas, but always anxious so to frame his utterances that he will afterwards be able to prove that he was right and everyone else was wrong."

Perennial Presidential Adviser **Bernard Baruch:** His "commanding characteristic, apart from his undoubted shrewdness, is his vanity, an amiable weakness upon which the politicians of his party have frequently endeavored to play."

Colonel **Charles A. Lindbergh:** "He gives the impression of modesty and charm, but many people who know him personally dislike him on the ground that he is moody."

Henry Ford: In politics, he "has seldom been taken seriously," but "he has an interesting and sympathetic face and manner, looking rather like an ascetic saint."

James A. Farley, then Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He "neither drinks nor smokes, but chews gum." In New York, "some regard him as 'honest,' others as a politician of Machiavellian subtlety. The correct estimate of him is probably somewhere about midway between these two extremes."

Columnist **Walter Lippmann:** "Quick to resent any British assumptions of superiority," but one of the "clearest-thinking journalists and among the most influential in the U.S."

Publisher **William Randolph Hearst:** His Anglophobia comes "from no particular aversion to Great Britain, except at moments when he remembers that in England he counts for nothing and is systematically (and rightly) ignored. He would probably like to be pro-British often and long enough to obtain a permanent footing on some aristocratic level."

The Chicago Tribune's Colonel **Robert McCormick:** "Stubborn, slow-thinking and bellicose, with a definite anti-British bias, which rumor attributes to the fact that he is still resentful of the canings he received whilst a schoolboy at Eton."

THE WORLD

Israel's Fugitive Flotilla

NOT since the *Bismarck* has there been such a sea hunt. In the teeth of a gale that whipped the azure Mediterranean into an ash-gray cauldron of 20-foot waves, five Israeli-manned gunboats scooted to Haifa last week on a 3,000-mile dash from the northern French port of Cherbourg. At various points, they were tracked by French reconnaissance planes, an R.A.F. Canberra from Malta, Soviet tankers, the radar forests of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, television cameramen and even Italian fishermen. From a distance, the world watched with emotions ranging from amusement to outrage. In a twist on old-fashioned gunboat diplomacy, Israel had retrieved \$10 million worth of naval vessels, circumventing France's embargo on arms sales to the Jewish state and producing a political uproar that had several capitals buzzing.

The uproar began when Paris discovered that the gunboats and their Israeli crews had taken French leave of their fitting-out berths in Cherbourg. The 240-ton, 148-ft boats had been ordered by the Israelis before Charles de Gaulle, seeking to enhance French influence among the Arab states, tightened his arms embargo on Israel in January 1969. Once the gunboats were completed, the French allowed Israeli sailors to take them out of port, but only on familiarization runs and with limited fuel.

A Wide Berth. On Christmas Eve, as they trudged along the quays to midnight Mass, Cherbourgeois observed that the gunboat crews were busily stowing supplies. Some young Israelis were out scouring the city for stocks of everything from cold tablets and vitamin-C supplements to American cigarettes.

Some of them, with broad grins, explained that they were leaving to celebrate Christmas in Israel.

Christmas morning, in single file and with no lights, the fleet of five slipped past the Fort de l'Est breakwater, turned south and moved across the Bay of Biscay. They maintained radio silence until they reached Gibraltar 64 hours later. There they split up to prevent Soviet Mediterranean fleet units from boxing them in and herding them to an unfriendly port. Off Sicily, tankers were waiting to refuel the boats. Israeli naval units, possibly including two submarines, had also converged to serve as escorts. Unwilling to risk a pasting, Egyptian fighters and warships gave the fugitive flotilla a wide berth.

Prayers and Jokes. Shielded by a storm for most of the final lap, the Navy gray vessels rendezvoused outside Haifa and on New Year's Eve made their way into port as hundreds of Israelis cheered and ships' sirens split the air. Prayers of thanksgiving were recited in synagogues. Diners toasted the crewmen and exchanged gunboat jokes, some of them wordplays on the name of General Mordechai ("Moka") Limon, Israel's chief of arms purchasing in Europe and the man in charge of the Cherbourg escape. One joke had France's President Georges Pompidou walking into a French café and gloomily telling a waiter: "I'll have coffee without moka and my wife will have tea without limon."

The gunboats are ideal for Israel's small navy. Egypt already has 20 Soviet-built gunboats of the *Osa* and *Komar* classes; one of the *Osas* stunned Israel in October 1967 by sinking the destroyer *Eilat* with a Styx missile. After



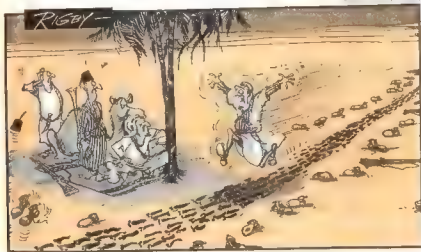
GUNBOATS TIED UP AT HAIFA
Could 007 have done better?

the Six-Day War, Israel ordered a dozen vessels, each with a French hull, German engines and Italian electronics, including the 20-mile surface-to-surface Gabriel missile.

Five of the first seven boats had sailed from Cherbourg before De Gaulle's embargo was totally invoked following Israel's commando raid on the Beirut airport. The Israelis, who are familiar with such situations (see box following page), had no trouble getting the other two. They sailed the pair out of Cherbourg on a trial run, as they had done in the past, carrying a limited fuel supply. Just beyond the territorial limit, Israeli planes appeared overhead and parachuted enough additional fuel for the long run to Haifa.

Corporate Legerdemain. The last five boats, for which Israel had already paid \$10 million, involved a more complex operation. For a while after Pompidou's election in June, the Israelis were hopeful that he would end De Gaulle's embargo and release the boats. The new French President not only kept the arms ban in force but actively promoted French *rapprochement* with the Arabs. There are reports that he is preparing to sell 50 Mirage planes and 200-AMX tanks to Libya. U.S. officials claim that he may even sell 50 Mirages originally destined for Israel to its most irresponsible antagonist, Syria.

Despairing of official assistance from



BRITISH VIEW: 'GUNBOATS! HEADED RIGHT THIS WAY!'

Pompidou, the Israelis went into action and apparently got help from some of his top aides. First, General Limon signed away all rights to the unarmed gunboats, and France returned the \$10 million. When the boatbuilder bemoaned his potential loss, according to one account, no less an official than Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas personally urged him to finish construction, saying: "It will work out." Next, a firm called Starboat & Weil, incorporated in Panama in November and having an Oslo address, offered to buy the boats for offshore-oil exploration. Starboat's incorporator was Ole Martin Siem, 53, much-respected president of Norway's largest shipbuilding firm, the Aker Group. The operating heads of Starboat, however, turned out to be Israelis who had ordered several commercial ships from Siem and had persuaded him to help them. The tall blond officers who showed up in Cherbourg to take over the boats—and who were mistaken by some Frenchmen for Norwegians—were also Israelis. The Oslo address was just that—a post-office box and nothing more. Said Panama's consul general in France, Jorge Royo: "It was a beautiful piece of corporate legerdemain."

Even after the legerdemain was uncovered, the Israeli government continued to insist to all questioners that the speedy, 45-knot boats would be used to service and defend Mediterranean oil rigs. No one took that insistence particularly seriously. "Using these boats to look for oil is like using a Ferrari to haul potatoes," said a French radio commentator.

Curious Claim Check. Certainly some highly placed French officials were aware of the subterfuge. Before leaving Cherbourg, the gunboats had received customs clearance not as commercial vessels but as warships without military armaments (the Gabriel missiles presumably will be mounted in Haifa). Such ships usually require customs clearance from at least two ministries in Paris and final approval from the Presidential Palace, the Foreign Office and the Premier's office. Paris hummed with conjecture about which officials had been involved. A furious Pompidou convened a Cabinet meeting that lasted nearly five hours and was described by one participant as "very stormy." During the meeting, Defense Minister Michel Debré reportedly offered to resign, presumably for two reasons. One was that as Defense Minister he should have known what was happening but did not. The other was that Debré, the son of a rabbi, is particularly sensitive to charges of being pro-Israel. His resignation was rejected.

Limon was asked to leave France. Two members of the interministerial committee responsible for arms exports, Generals Louis Bonte and Bernard Cazelles, were suspended by the government. The actions amounted to mild wrist-taps. Limon was due to return to Israel in June anyway, probably to be-



ARMS PURCHASER LIMON
Coffee without maka, tea without...

come director general of the Defense Ministry. The two generals are both close to retirement.

Nonetheless, Pompidou's actions seemed to assuage the Arabs. In a speech at Khartoum last week, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser said: "We consider France a friend." Evidently determined that Nasser should go on feeling that way, Pompidou was pointedly cool to Israeli Ambassador Walter Eytan during his traditional New Year's diplomatic reception at the Elysée. The two shook hands perfunctorily, but no words were spoken. Was it sheer coincidence, then, or a touch of Gallic humor, that when Eytan drove up to the palace, the parking attendant handed him a claim check bearing the number 007?

Gamal Goes Acourtin'

As he jetted about the Middle East last week, it looked as if Gamal Abdel Nasser were going acourtin' once more. Extending a three-day Libyan visit to six days, he drew crowds of 40,000 in Tripoli, 65,000 in Benghazi. He further delighted Libyans by appearing as a witness at the wedding of Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, 27, the nation's revolutionary leader, to Fathia Khaled, daughter of an army officer. In Khartoum, he joined Major General Jaafar Numeiry, Sudan's boss since an army coup last year, in celebrating the country's 14th anniversary of independence. Three miniskirted girls broke through the security ring surrounding Nasser and one of them managed to seize him and buss him before she was hustled away.

Actually, Nasser's courtship was a relatively cautious affair. Badly burned by Egypt's previous attempts at unions with the mercurial states of Syria and Iraq, he was plainly leary of any binding marriage with either Libya or the Sudan. Even if these new "West of Suez" alliances do not presage formal political ties, however, they set the stage for close military and economic cooperation with Libya and the Sudan. On top of that, having lost considerable prestige at the recent Arab summit in Rabat, Nasser was seeking to recoup it amidst the cheering Libyans and Sudanese.

Divided League. Nasser had flown into Rabat hoping to persuade the 13 other Arab League states to back his proposal for total military mobilization against Israel. He left with a grudging, divided vote of support. Worse, the aura of unity that had prevailed among the Arab states ever since the shattering Six-Day War of 1967 was dispelled.

Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the oil-

Disarming Ventures

BECAUSE they sometimes have difficulty in buying arms abroad, the Israelis have resorted to subterfuge on a number of memorable occasions in order — so to speak — to bring home the bacon.

During the 1948 Arab-Israeli war, Israel set up a dummy movie company in Britain, ostensibly to shoot a film about the New Zealand air force's role in World War II. The Israelis bought four Bristol Beaufighters and a Mosquito with the understanding that the planes would not leave the country. One morning the five planes, cleared to fly as far as Fxeter to shoot some battle scenes, took off and kept right on going, later turning up in the Israeli air force. They also purchased three old B-17 bombers, ostensibly for a Honduran airline, then flew them to the Middle East in time to bomb Cairo and Damascus during the 1948 war.

The Israelis have also acquired considerable equipment in their battles with

the Arabs. Last fall they used captured Soviet armored cars, still bearing their original Egyptian markings and manned by Israeli commandos dressed in Egyptian-type uniforms, to stage a ten-hour raid along Egypt's side of the Suez Canal. In their most recent raid, commandos slipped across the Gulf of Suez, made a 90-minute force march to an Egyptian radar site near Ras Gharb and dismantled the seven-ton Soviet-made radar unit. Helicopters whisked the entire installation, housed in two huge vans, 17 miles into Israeli-held territory, along with four captured Egyptian technicians. The year-old P-12 radar unit has a range of nearly 200 miles, controls both conventional antiaircraft fire and ground-to-air missiles, and is especially good at detecting low-flying planes. No other P-12 has yet been seen in the West, and Israeli intelligence officers call it a more valuable catch than a MIG 21.



MIN SKIRTED GRL IN KHARTOUM GRABS NASSER AND KISSES HIM
Others found him eminently resistible.

rich countries that bankroll much of the war against Israel, were incensed by extravagant demands for more funds. Yemen and South Yemen resented the fact that the summit focused entirely on Israel; they had hoped to air their own border disputes with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia.

The most significant objections, however, came from Algeria's Houari Boumedienne. During the summit and at a six hour meeting with Nasser afterward, he argued that a frontal attack on Israel under Egyptian leadership was doomed to failure. Palestinian Arabs, Boumedienne said, should be allowed to settle the issue on their own rather than drag other Arabs into a general war. Boumedienne resisted Nasser's demand for more men and more money.

What do you need all this armor and equipment for?" he asked.

Maghreb Unity. If Libya and the Sudan seemed mesmerized by Nasser, the other Arab states were finding him eminently resistible. Despite their ideological differences, Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia—three states of North Africa's historic Maghreb—appeared to be moving toward closer relations again. Boumedienne is shuffling Algeria's ambassadors, and has warned them that henceforth they will be graded on how much they foster commercial relationships rather than on how well they spout anti-Israel rhetoric.

Both Algeria and Syria appear to be cautiously seeking stronger economic ties with the West. If Jordan's King Hussein were able to act independently, he would probably agree to a political settlement with Israel on the basis of the U.S. peace plan rejected by Egypt and the Soviet Union. But the Arab guerrillas and the Palestinian majority in his country would almost certainly depose him if he pursued such a course. On Nasser's advice, Lebanon granted freer rein to the guerrillas operating

within its boundaries—and now may regret that decision. Last week, increased fedayeen activity brought sharp Israeli retaliation, including the seizure of 21 hostages from Lebanon in response to the kidnapping of one Israeli.

The prestige of the Western powers, meanwhile, seemed to be rising. Vigorously seeking to open new Middle East markets, France is actively wooing Libya. The British are equally eager for Arab markets. Last month they quickly acceded to Colonel Gaddafi's demand that they abandon their bases in Libya, hoping that one result would be to persuade the Libyan army to buy British Chieftain tanks. Even the U.S. seems to be improving its image a bit, possibly because most of the Arab leaders are gradually beginning to admit that Washington's policy is no longer wholly pro-Israeli. Since the Rabat summit, in fact, there has been a noticeable decline—outside Egypt, Libya and the Sudan—in the anti-American oratory that has long echoed in the region.

Madman at the Mosque

The flames that gutted a wing of Jerusalem's Al Aqsa mosque last August added an unwanted measure of heat and hatred to a conflict that is never far from flash point. Arab leaders, blaming Israeli negligence for the damage to Islam's third most sacred shrine, called for *Jihad* —holy war. Prime Minister Golda Meir's Cabinet met in emergency session amid deep concern that the fire might weaken Israeli rule in the holy cities. Last week the man who confessed to setting the mosque ablaze, a 28-year-old Christian named Denis Michael Rohan, was judged insane and committed by an Israeli court to a mental hospital. Rohan, an Australian sheep shearer who was visiting Israel as a tourist, testified that he set the fire to prove that God wanted him to build a temple on the site and then would "set me up

as king over Jerusalem and Judea." A state psychiatric board will periodically review Rohan's progress. If released, he will be deported. Al Aqsa, meanwhile, is being repaired under the direction of Arab religious authorities, and will be reopened to tourists, under much heavier guard, in a few weeks.

DIPLOMACY

Fatigue at the Top

West German Chancellor Willy Brandt has had less than three months to apply his *Ostpolitik* so it is hardly surprising that he has not yet achieved any significant relaxation of tensions in Central Europe. Last week, in fact, Moscow stiffened its attitude toward Bonn by endorsing Walter Ulbricht's demand for full diplomatic recognition of East Germany. One effect of Brandt's initiatives toward the East, however, has been all too apparent: the exhaustion of ranking West German diplomats.

Beasted by requests for talks from Russia, Poland, East Germany and Czechoslovakia, and involved in Common Market negotiations as well, the West German Foreign Office is staggering under the work load. The pressure is especially heavy on the top five or six officials. These are the decision makers who must at once oversee contacts with the East Bloc and reassure Bonn's Western allies that nothing is being given away to the Communists.

Easy Victim. Consider State Secretary Georg Ferdinand Duckwitz, 65, who coordinates diplomatic policy to ward the East Bloc. After weeks of wolfing down lunch at his desk and rushing from conference to conference, Duckwitz had to be sent home for a complete rest. A few days later, Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, 50, was rushed to a Bavarian sanatorium and ordered to read nothing for several days. Other top West German diplomats show symp-

tons of severe strain and exhaustion. Even Chancellor Brandt, who possesses an exceptionally rugged constitution, became exhausted from poring over diplomatic dispatches and consulting with foreign policy advisers. He fell victim to the flu epidemic that is sweeping Europe (see MEDICINE), spent a few days in bed, then flew to Tunisia for a two-week vacation.

One effect of the upper-echelon exhaustion has been to prompt Bonn to ask the Czechoslovaks to hold off for a while on their formal requests for talks. Since preliminary talks with the Poles

engaged in the SALT negotiations, which after a successful five-week preliminary round in Helsinki will reopen in Vienna on April 16.

The Soviet schedule is so full that it has apparently affected the 18-nation disarmament talks in Geneva. Diplomats there complain that work on the final draft of the seabed treaty, barring nuclear weapons from the ocean floor, is being held up because Russian negotiators have to wait so long for guidance from the disarmament experts in Moscow, who are apparently preoccupied with SALT.



TOASTS AT SALT TALKS IN HELSINKI WITH SEMYONOV AT RIGHT
The higher they are, the more tired they become.

are expected to begin in Warsaw later this month and Bonn may also start new probes with East Germany, Brandt simply does not want to have too many negotiations going at the same time.

Suspected Plot. Some Western diplomats suspect that the Communists are flooding Bonn with requests for talks in hopes of overwhelming, and possibly outsmarting, weary West German negotiators. The only trouble with the hypothesis is that the Soviet Union is working its own top men pretty hard as well.

Last month, for example, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko personally received Bonn's ambassador in Moscow for preliminary talks about full-scale negotiations. Many diplomats took Gromyko's presence to mean that the Kremlin had suddenly decided to put a new emphasis on relations with West Germany. That may yet prove to be the case, but it is also true that Gromyko was the only seasoned senior negotiator available in Moscow at the time. First Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov, who ordinarily handles Western European affairs, was preoccupied with negotiations with Peking, where he returned last week after a two-week recess in Moscow. Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Semyonov is

THE WAR Saying It Right

Are the U.S. and its allies still trying to "win the hearts and minds of the people" in South Viet Nam? Not any more, at least in those terms. According to a new directive entitled "Let's Say It Right," the allied effort is intended to "develop community spirit." Prepared by the U.S. Command in Viet Nam for military press officers, the directive bans or substantially alters 22 terms that once were used frequently in briefings for correspondents in Saigon. Instead of "search and destroy," U.S. briefing officers should now say "search and clear." U.S. troop withdrawals are to be described as "U.S. redeployment" or "replacement by ARVN" (Army of the Republic of South Viet Nam). A Viet Cong tax collector should be called a "V.C. extortionist." V.C. defectors are to be called ralliers.

The term "body count" is banned. Hamburger Hill is to be mentioned only by its metric name. Hill 937 Press officers also are sternly enjoined from referring to "the 5 o'clock follies," the name given by newsmen to the frequently fanciful official recitation of the day's events. From now on, the briefings will simply be called briefings.

TIME ESSAY

Convergence:

The only choice is either bourgeois or socialist ideology. There is no middle course

—Lenn

SHOULD Lenin be taken at his word? Some Western political theorists and even a few Russians think not, and in defense of their belief they have propagated what has become known as the convergence theory. In essence, the theory proposes that capitalism and Communism—driven by the irresistible scientific and technological forces that control modern industrial states—will eventually coalesce into a new form of society, blending the personal freedom and profit motive of Western democracies with the Communist system's government control of the economy.

Convergence prophets argue that the theory has universal application, but contend that it applies particularly to the United States and Russia. Despite their manifest differences, both nations are post-industrial powers grappling with the problems of advanced technology. According to the convergence theory, Moscow and Washington should meet some day at the omega point somewhere on the outskirts of Belgrade, the capital of a nation that has—so far, successfully—introduced elements of capitalism into a doctrinally Marxist society.

Perhaps the most dramatic endorsement of the convergence theory has come from behind the Iron Curtain. In a 10,000-word essay that was widely but illicitly circulated in Russia before being smuggled out to the West in 1968, the distinguished Soviet physicist Andrei Sakharov held that the only hope for world peace was a rapprochement between the socialist and capitalist systems. Suggesting that Sakharov's clandestine ideas still have a certain appeal for Russian intellectuals, another Soviet physicist, Pyotr Kapitsa, gave an oblique endorsement to convergence while on a tour last fall of U.S. universities. "There should not be one multiplication table for Russians and another for Americans," he told a Washington press conference, "I believe that a bringing together of the two systems is correct."

Major Heresy

Kapitsa's approval of the Sakharov thesis was a trifle ambiguous, and with good reason: convergence is regarded by Soviet ideologues as a major heresy. In essence, the theory is a variation on a Marxist theme—namely, that economic developments govern political and social evolution. But it challenges the conviction of Soviet orthodoxy that Communism alone is the road to human development. After publication of his essay in the West, Sakharov was dis-

The Uncertain Meeting of East and West

missed as chief consultant to the state committee for nuclear energy, and hardly a month goes by without a denunciation of convergence appearing in the Soviet press.

The convergence theory has only recently become the hope of a few Russian thinkers, the idea if not the term has been a persistent but chimerical dream in the West for decades. During World War II, when the Soviet Union was cast as an ally of Western democracies, convergence was widely propagated by a pair of émigré Russian sociologists, Nikolai Timasheff of Fordham and the late Pitirim Sorokin of Harvard. Both professors theorized that the Soviet Union would eventually develop into a less repressive and more democratic society as it progressed economically.

More recently, convergence has been taken up with considerable enthusiasm by economists—notably the Dutch Nobel prizewinner Jan Tinbergen and Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith. In *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith states with his customary élan that technology has an imperative all its own. On the Russian side, advanced industrialization will inevitably lead to greater intellectual curiosity and freedom: in the U.S. it will inexorably lead to more planning and centralized economic controls.

Industrialization v. Ideology

The convergence theory rests on three basic assumptions. One is that industrialization by necessity leads to urbanization and a common culture with uniformities in skills, techniques, organizations and even problems. Like the alienation of factory workers from jobs and machines. Because workers and managers in Gary, Ind., and Magnitogorsk perform similar tasks, the argument goes, they tend to develop similar ways of life. The second premise is that industrialization leads to increased diversity and complexity in a society—to a pluralistic condition that overrides all ideologies. The third is that industrialization creates affluence, which undermines political discipline and ideological conformity.

In some areas, especially economics, there is evidence that the U.S. and Russia have a great deal more in common today than they did a generation ago. America now accepts a degree of "socialism," bureaucratic regulation and welfare statism that would have been considered unthinkable not so long ago. The large corporations that dominate the U.S. economy often resemble branches of government far more than they do textbook examples of free-enterprise capitalism.

Since Stalin, Russia has been sub-

jected to a rising tide of consumer expectations, which party planners have periodically had to acknowledge by modifying priorities. In order to make its economy work better, the Soviet government has reluctantly undertaken certain quasi-capitalist reforms. Russia's current five-year plan, for example, provides some managerial incentives and



gives individual factories greater freedom from centralized planning.

Despite the surface similarities of Russia and the U.S., critics of convergence answer that economic factors have never played a dominant role in the evolution of societies. Recent history suggests that industrialization and economic progress are compatible with liberty or tyranny, and do not necessarily override cultural or political differences between nations. Witness, for example, parliamentary Britain and autocratic Germany at the turn of the century, or Detroit in the Roosevelt era and Essen under Hitler. The postwar economic progress of Japan has undoubtedly contributed to the viability of its democratic political system; but East Germany, the most technologically advanced of any Eastern European nation, has achieved economic success under the most rigid and doctrinaire of Communist tyrannies.

The convergence theory, in the words of Kremlinologist Bertram Wolfe, is "vulgar Marxism." It posits a fundamental belief in economic determinism that Marx himself would probably have disavowed. It ignores or underrates the role played by traditions, value systems and even national characteristics

in deciding the future of societies. The concepts that people have of national characteristics, of course, are often mere caricatures, but they generally contain some truth, of a subtler variety than meets the eye. The American devotion to individualism and freedom can be exaggerated; yet the Lockean principles of individual liberty and ordered freedom that underlie the U.S. Constitution and indeed U.S. society are related to the American character and the American ideal. The line leading from the czars to Stalin to the Kremlin's present rulers is by no means straight. Still it is no accident that the Russians, for whom a ruling father-figure rather than the individual is the central symbol in the national mystique—have a history of autocracy.

In the limited sense that capitalist societies are heading inexorably for more state planning and control and that socialist ones must inevitably allow for more decentralization, the convergence theory is true. It may well be that both Russia and the U.S. will come still closer to sharing a common economic model. But broad, perhaps unbridgeable differences will remain, particularly over the philosophic questions of the dreams and goals of the two societies.

Orthodoxy in Tatters

Especially among the young there is always a tendency to extol opposites. Just as many American youths seem to yearn for the collective, non-materialistic life, many young people in Communist countries seem to admire some (but by no means all) of the individualism and the material benefits of Western society. Today, Communism is splintered, Marxian orthodoxy in tatters. Nevertheless, the Communist view of man still has a powerful and self-perpetuating hold in those societies where it has become part of the culture—and it is still a vast distance removed from anything that American society would accept in the foreseeable future. The definitions of "bourgeois" and "socialist" ideologies have changed over the years and no doubt will continue to change—but in the long run Lenin may well prove to be right.

The future is always problematical, but the weight of evidence suggests that Communist and non-Communist societies will continue to develop on separate but parallel tracks. Fortunately, though, basic differences no longer imply the inevitability of a cataclysmic showdown. The pragmatics of survival may well be the one respect in which the U.S. and Soviet Russia are really meeting. That may be a more helpful and hopeful prospect than the euphoric vision of convergence.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Thieu Faces the Kindergarten

In Saigon parlance, the lower house of South Viet Nam's National Assembly is "the kindergarten" and the upper house "the old people's home." President Nguyen Van Thieu obviously agrees with this derisive view. In the past year, his relations with both houses of the legislature have grown increasingly bitter and suspicious. Last week, in a vote that brought the fight into the open and sowed the seeds of future battles, the lower house yielded half-way—but no more—to a campaign of unprecedented presidential pressure. By separate majority votes, it approved a report that accused three members of cooperating with the Communists. At the same time, it ignored another of Thieu's demands by refusing to cancel the three Deputies' parliamentary immunity to criminal prosecution.

Mob Action. Thieu first accused the three in November, when he gave photographs and other evidence purportedly documenting their treasonous activity to leaders of the lower house. When weeks passed and the leaders failed to take action, he began issuing increasingly ominous warnings, declaring at one point that "the people and the army" would "assume the task of beheading these Communist elements" if the Assembly did not. Three weeks ago hundreds of government-paid demonstrators stormed the lower house, which meets in Saigon's neo-Romanesque old Opera House, smashed its glass doors and furniture, threatened some Deputies and demanded the immediate expulsion of the three accused members. Other protesters staged equally unspontaneous demon-

strations in a dozen provincial capitals.

Since none of the accused Deputies is a major political figure (one has even left the country since his election) Thieu's campaign was plainly intended to accomplish more than their ouster. For one thing, he was reasserting the presidency's leadership and his determination to push his legislative program through an uncooperative Assembly.

Deputies have taken unconscionably long to act on some key bills and have cut the heart out of others, the lower house, for example, eviscerated the crucial land-reform proposal by preserving the right of landlords to keep large portions of land worked by their tenants. When Thieu wanted to stem inflation he felt that the only way to do so was by going over the heads of the elected lawmakers. Accordingly, he invoked a law left over from the days of the autocratic Ngo Dinh Diem to decree a massive austerity program that sought to soak up cash surpluses by sharply increasing taxes. Honda motorcycles quickly leaped in price from \$200 to \$400 and American cigarettes from \$2.10 to \$2.80 a carton.

Thieu is also disturbed by the growing popularity in the Assembly of the "third force" idea, revived in November by dovish Senator Tran Van Don and General Duong Van (Big) Minh. Though never precisely defined, the phrase—a familiar one to old Viet Nam hands—envisions a regime that is completely accountable to neither the Communists nor the Americans but is acceptable to both. Thieu is understandably convinced that, whatever shape a third-force government might take, it would exclude him—and he is determined to keep the idea from gaining momentum. His campaign is not limited to the legislature; last week the government closed down another Saigon newspaper for advocating "neutrality."

Valuable Vitamins. Legislators, for their part, accuse Thieu not only of seeking dictatorial powers but also of using underhanded methods to increase his influence. His chief legislative liaison, a millionaire pharmacy owner named Nguyen Cao Thang, is famous for dispensing "Tran Hung Dao vitamins," named after the ancient general pictured on South Viet Nam's 500-piastre notes (worth \$1.50 on the free market). To be sure, all too few legislators reject the prescription.

Both in his legislative program and in his frequent visits to the countryside, Thieu is plainly striving to extend the sway of his government beyond Saigon. Many legislators, content to serve and deal in the capital without building a political base in the countryside, are unsympathetic to his efforts and are often outright obstructive. It remains to be seen for how long Thieu, in the midst of his struggles to stabilize the economy and strengthen the army, will put up with such tactics before taking more severe steps to curb the powers of the kindergarten.



SUTOWO RIGHT: AT DAUGHTER'S WEDDING
Smoothing the way.

INDONESIA

The Army Has It All

Indonesia whose 115 million inhabitants make it the world's sixth most populous nation is a land of immense resources and seemingly limitless potential. Throughout the 3,000 islands of the sprawling archipelago, however, all too few people seem to be exploiting this potential. An exception is the cadaverous of the 350,000-man armed forces.

Since 1965, when at least 300,000 Communists were massacred in the wake of an abortive coup and President Sukarno was effectively removed from power, the military has not had a serious political rival. The parties are fragmented and Parliament is under the army's thumb. In economic enterprise even more than in politics, the army is making its mark—and quite a few fortunes. Generals, colonels and majors serve as governors, industrialists and hotel managers. Occasionally they even serve as soldiers.

Love and Oil. The single most spectacular success story is that of Lieut. General Ibnu Sutowo. He heads Pertamina, the government-owned oil monopoly, which is currently harvesting a fortune in fees from foreign firms for exploration of what may prove to be a huge reservoir of undersea oil off Indonesia's coastline. Pertamina goes its own way, and a very quiet way it is. It does not disclose figures on its operations but hands out lavish financial aid for army-encouraged projects. It also does very well by its own. On a salary of less than \$100 a month, Sutowo recently threw a \$60,000 wedding for his daughter, prompting one Djakarta news-



THIEU ADDRESSING NATIONAL ASSEMBLY '968
Invitation to a beheading

paper to editorialize "Crude oil smooths the way for love."

In addition to freewheeling Pertamina, the army is involved in virtually every part of Indonesia's economy—usually less out of greed than sheer need. Under President Suharto's austerity budget armed forces units are required to provide between 25% and 40% of their own support. To raise funds, the army recently announced plans to commercialize engineering and transport—in effect hiring itself out as an Indonesian version of Hertz Rent A Car. Some other examples of military business enterprise: ▶ Djakarta's latest luxury hotel, the Kartika Plaza, is owned by an army cooperative. As far as the army is concerned, this is legitimate, although civilians are troubled by the practice.

▶ Gambling casinos have been established in Djakarta by the district's military governor, who has found that slot machines and blackjack are sure and legal ways of financing the city and feeding the troops.

▶ An army unit near Djakarta conserves its monthly ration of gasoline and sells the surplus on the free market. Clearly this is illegal.

▶ In northern Sumatra, military authorities illegally sell export licenses to Chinese merchants—and the licenses are not cheap.

Long-Run Dangers. Suharto, a military man himself, has repeatedly ordered an end to many of these practices. "All illegal collections, regardless of purpose, should be stopped," he said late in 1969. "Such collections may look profitable in the short term, but in the long term they undermine our national economy." Beyond demoralizing Indonesians who had hoped for a new order, the military's high-handed role has discouraged foreign investors.

Although more than 100 foreign firms have signed investment contracts since the beginning of 1967—including such U.S. firms as Alcoa, Freeport Sulphur, Goodyear Rubber and ITT—others have been frightened off.

Suharto has made some notable economic progress. Since 1967, he has succeeded in reducing the inflation rate from an appalling 650% a year to roughly 7%, a performance described as "highly remarkable" by Indonesia's major creditors when they met in Amsterdam last month to approve a \$600 million loan. The price of rice, a basic indicator, has remained relatively steady, but corruption remains a serious obstacle. "Nothing has really changed," says an American with long experience in the country, "except that the army has it all now."

One reason is that the army has a virtual monopoly on the country's managerial and technological skills. Suharto is trying to encourage more civilian participation, but he is unlikely to get very far by 1971, when general elections are scheduled. As an Indonesian intellectual puts it: "General elections will mean the election of the generals."

JAPAN

Socialism on the Ropes

The Japanese may be old masters at adapting most Western designs, but they have had no success at all with those of Karl Marx. Modern Socialist parties have flourished in Western Europe since World War II, and currently hold power in Britain, Sweden, Finland and—as of last October—West Germany. Japan's chief industrial rival Yet, aside from a ten-month fling soon after World War II, Japan's ideologically fervent Socialist Party has had all the political appeal, as one European Socialist describes it, of "a scared virgin spinster."

Last week, as the final returns from Japan's eleventh postwar election were tallied,



EDA WATCHING RETURNS IN TOKYO
All the appeal of a virgin spinster.

lied, the Socialists seemed even less appealing. The conservative, pro-American Liberal Democrats and their predecessors, who have run the country for two decades, were so assured of victory that only 68% of Japan's 70 million voters bothered to go to the polls. Led by Premier Eisaku Sato, the party increased its hold on the Diet's 486-seat lower house from 272 to 300 seats. Three minor parties also gained strength, most notably the Komeito "Clean Government" Party, a Buddhist-backed outfit that doubled its strength to 47 seats.

The sorry Socialists, in fact, were the only losers. They dropped an astonishing 44 of their 134 Diet seats. "We were resigned to losing," said Saburo Eda, the party's secretary-general, "but this—this is not just a defeat, it is a completely crushing defeat!"

The Liberal Democrats, to be sure, had a lot going for them. In the past ten years, Japan's astounding boom

has quadrupled the gross national product (to \$167 billion), choked Tokyo streets with Toyotas and filled workers' homes with TV sets and gadgetry. Sato's November trip to Washington, where he negotiated the return of Okinawa to Japanese rule in 1972, erased the international issue that most concerned voters. Beyond that, Sato's main asset was the stumbling Socialists themselves.

Recognizing the pragmatic bent of Japan's increasingly affluent younger voters, even the tiny Communist Party—which went from four to 14 seats—downplayed dogma and emphasized inflation, air pollution and the need for more *dobuta* (gutter lids) in the streets.

The Socialists, by comparison, trotted out unfamiliar, underfunded candidates whose chief ideological equipment was a militant 19th century Marxism. Foreign policy? The Socialists demanded "unarmed neutrality" so loudly that voters identified the party with the antiwar students who tore up Tokyo last October. Domestic policy? The Socialists called for nationalization of industry—just as employers were handing out the biggest year-end bonuses in Japan's history.

Dogmatic Purity. Japan's Socialists never followed the lead of Britain's Labor Party and Germany's Social Democrats. Once, both European parties exerted little appeal to anyone but blue-collar workers. Eventually, both discarded doctrinaire Marxism and set out to build national followings. The main characteristic of Japan's Socialists, however, is what West German Socialist Scholar Gebhard Hielscher calls an "almost hysterical emphasis on retaining theoretical purity." Adds Hielscher: "Ordinary people simply aren't interested in such performances."

In 1966, the party set itself an ambitious goal—to take over the government by 1970. The main tactic was to expand the party's membership from a paltry 50,000, mostly drawn from trade unions, to a reasonably broad 500,000. The campaign proved a disaster of Fujian proportions. The old dogmas were not softened one whit. What is more, some new proposals—including one for an ultra-pacifist nonaggression pact with Washington, Moscow and Peking—so alarmed some members that they stopped paying their dues. The party is now \$3,000,000 in the red.

Japan's massive, often violent student demonstrations and its strong pacifist sentiment suggest widespread discontent, but the Socialists have not been able to tap it. "Our fundamental fault," concedes wavy-haired Party Chairman Tomomi Nanta, 58, "lies in our complacency about the changing times." But the party stubbornly plans to hang on to its policies, hoping that the times will change to fit them. The effect has been to concede virtual one-party rule to Sato's Liberal Democrats at a time when Japan, now the world's third industrial power, sorely needs many voices to help define its role.

GHANA

Exodus

The refugee is an all too common figure in modern Africa. He has appeared in Kenya and the Congo, the Sudan and Nigeria, his belongings piled in an ungainly bundle atop his head, his children skipping naked alongside, his path a dusty road leading nowhere. Still, familiar as the phenomenon may be, there is a particularly nightmarish quality to the scene that has been unfolding in recent weeks along the borders of the West African nation of Ghana.

More than a quarter of the country's 8,000,000 inhabitants have been ordered by the government to leave. They are Africans from other countries, many of whom have lived and worked in Ghana under loose alien status for decades. They include nearly 1,000,000 Nigerians, 186,000 Upper Voltans and 196,000 Togolese, who make their living mostly as small traders, unskilled industrial workers, miners and farm laborers. Last week police began arresting those without residence permits. Some 900,000 have already fled back to their homelands. Hundreds of thousands more are waiting to follow. Some are crammed into hastily built army camps waiting to be given exit forms, others have been lined up for days at broiling border posts leading east to Togo and west to the Ivory Coast.

Groaning Lorries. The bedraggled caravans are filled with Hausa tribesmen in flowing white robes, bare-breasted Yoruba women from Nigeria, Malian water carriers, Upper Voltan gold miners, Ivorian timber merchants and beggars of all nationalities. The luckier ones started out in trucks or wood frame "mammy wagons" whose fares have jumped more than 400% since the exodus got under way. For many, travel by whatever means stopped at the border. Groaning lorries carrying homeward-bound Nigerians and Dahomians are stalled in columns miles long because they have not

received permission to cross tiny Togo. An unknown number of people have died of hunger and exhaustion.

The big move began in December, after the government of Prime Minister Kofi Busia announced that all aliens who lacked residence permits would be expelled from Ghana within two weeks. Few of the aliens could produce official papers, and fewer still took the warning seriously. They had heard the same threat before, but official identification had never been required in practice. When the Interior Ministry announced that police would actually begin to flush out illegal residents, it was clear that this time the government was serious. By then, few had time to apply for permits—or had the confidence that they would be granted. The result was pain.

In Accra, great crowds of foreigners joined an endless queue outside the Accra Sport Stadium, the emergency immigration center. As often as not, they paid \$10 or \$20 in "dash" money (bribes) for the proper forms. At night, many slept near Kotoka international airport—alongside billboards hailing African unity.

Flimsy Excuse. Busia's policy eventually may uproot all but 10% of Ghana's 2,500,000 aliens. The action may antagonize his neighbors, especially the Nigerians. But at home, where 600,000 Ghanaians are unemployed, the move has already proved popular.

Defending the mass expulsion, Busia charged that 90% of Ghana's past and present prison population was made up of aliens. It seemed a flimsy excuse for one of the greatest forced population movements in black African history. In numbers, if not in poignancy, it exceeds two recent forced moves. One was the flight of 150,000 Watuts from Rwanda in the early 1960s, when the tall, proud tribesmen were hunted down and slaughtered by rival Bahuts. The other was the exodus of 21,000 Asians from Kenya over the past two years.

BRITAIN

First of the Goodies

For 31 years, British tourists, never exactly spendthrifts, have been regarded as Europe's poor relations. In an effort to cut Britain's trade deficit the Labor government limited them to taking no more than £50 (\$120) in foreign currency abroad annually. In a surprise move last week, however, the government abolished the limit. From now on, British travelers will be able to spend £300 per trip and take as many trips each year as they wish.

The announcement by Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins followed a spate of encouraging indicators. After running a \$600 million trade deficit in 1968, Britain last year piled up an estimated \$1 billion surplus. Reflecting a return of international confidence in sterling, monetary traders last week hid the pound above par—which is \$2.40—for the first time in 20 months.

Plainly, Labor's draconian economic measures are finally beginning to pay off. Beginning in the summer of 1966, Prime Minister Harold Wilson put Britain under severe financial controls which included a wage-price freeze, higher income taxes and a tightening of credit. In November 1967, he devalued the pound by 14.3%. His aim was to reduce consumer demand at home while coaxing industry to sell more abroad.

After the travel restrictions were ended, London's *Financial Times* headlined its editorial, **THE FIRST OF THE GOODIES**. Harold Wilson would undoubtedly like to hand out more, including an easing of restrictions on installment buying. Trailing the Tones by 10.5% in the latest voter preference polls, the Labor Party sorely needs good news before the next general election, which Wilson may call in the fall. A boomlet would greatly enhance Labor's chances. Economic health would help Britain when it begins its admission talks with the Common Market around midyear.



NIGERIAN REFUGEES STRANDED OUTSIDE IVORY COAST



TRUCK CARAVAN HALTED AT TOGO BORDER

Nearby, the billboards hailed African unity.

Once a year you can save up to \$100 on Sylvania stereo.*

(If that sounds good, wait till you hear it)

Many companies run sales to get rid of stuff they're stuck with.

Well, we're not stuck with anything.

We're sponsoring our stereo sale because we want you to get to know us better.

And we only do it once a year. So if you want to save up to \$100, you better do it now.

We're not talking about leftover models. We're talking about the best 1970 console stereos we make. Over 25 different models altogether, some at suggested manufacturer's

list prices as low as \$250.

Stereos with air suspension speakers and wide-angle sound so you get the full stereo effect anywhere in the room.

Stereos with Garrard or Dual turntables, and magnetic cartridges so you get smooth, distortion free sound.

Stereos with transistorized FM tuners and powerful amplifiers so you don't lose any high or low sound levels.

And elegant, hand-rubbed furniture so the sets look as good as they sound.

With all this going for us, it's a wonder we run a sale at all.



SYLVANIA
Stereos • Amplifiers • Speakers

*Stereos available in participating Sylvania shops.

GM



Cadillac makes any occasion the occasion. However brilliant the event your pleasure will be heightened by arriving in the world's most desired luxury car. Its richly tailored interior provides an atmosphere of taste and elegance. Its smooth and responsive performance prepares you for an experience that's both relaxing and stimulating. Its graceful beauty will invite all those you care about to enter the spirit of the seventies. Come discover the many excellent reasons why Cadillac ownership is so highly regarded. It's always an occasion to look forward to

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



PEOPLE



MAMIE & FRIENDS
The people's choice.

The nation's most admired woman is hardly one of its most gregarious. But shortly before a Gallup poll showed Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 70, first in her countrymen's estimation a camera caught her in unusually festive circumstances. Posed at a Georgetown party, Mamie wore a fringed shawl and floppy feathered hat to complement the Gay Nineties attire of Host Bob Gray, former secretary to the Eisenhower Cabinet, and Guest of Honor Mel Laird, Secretary of Defense.

A seven-pound jar of chocolate tines labeled "Sweet Treat from Auntie Mame," was Ginger Rogers' Christmas surprise for the orchestra. Surprise? "We were flabbergasted," said one of the 28 unhappy musicians in the London production of *Mame*. "It worked out to about four sweets each." Sour noted another "It's an insult." The musicians turned over the sweet treat to a London children's hospital.

He told reporters that he often dons a false mustache and beard to mingle incognito at love-ins and rock concerts. But at the under-attended Miami-Hollywood Rock Festival, Evangelist Billy Graham was very much himself. Wearing white bucks and a gold sports jacket, he was unfazed by the hippie who asked him to "thank God for good friends and good weed." Said the Rev. Billy knowingly: "You can also get high on Jesus."

A chorus of friends sang a boisterous "Happy Birthday" in English and Spanish as the maestro, feigning gravity, directed them with a silver cake knife. At 93, Cellist Pablo Casals is still capable of gaiety, but at the gathering in his San Juan home he chose

to discuss the gloomy state of the world. "I feel happy today over all my friends have done for me," said the ageless musician, shaking his head, "but very sad for what is happening in the world. Is it possible to stop the war? Why the arms? We are all humans, all the same, like the leaves of a single tree."

"To be perfectly honest, I wasn't very happy about that seconding," New York City's candid First Lady told an NBC interviewer. Mary Lindsay was referring to husband John's seconding speech for Spiro Agnew at the 1968 Republican Convention in Miami. "Politics makes strange bedfellows," she mused. "And bedfellows," added Mayor Lindsay, "make strange politics."

Conservatives, smarting from the Haynsworth fiasco, are once again threatening to investigate Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. The prospect did not spoil his Christmas. With a brand new battery in the electric pacemaker that regulates his heart Douglas, 71, strolled along the snow-covered sidewalk in front of his Washington home smiling and waving at neighbors. Then a silver Rolls-Royce pulled into Douglas' driveway, bearing a visitor whom enemies might regard as his Ghost of Christmas Future: an old friend named Abe Fortas.

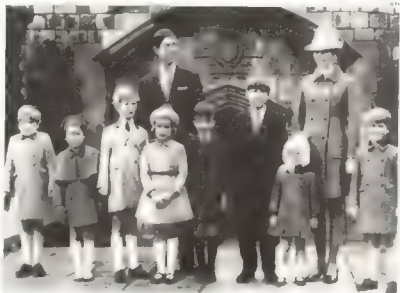
All of them are great-great-great-grandchildren of King Christian IX of Denmark, and four of them are his great-great-grandchildren as well. Every one could have called Kaiser Wilhelm or Czar Nicholas cousin, but more than one started life as miss or mister. Any

good monarchist or earnest Anglophile could identify the lot as the youth and flower of Britain's royal family, assembled for a rare group photograph over the holidays at Windsor. From the left: James, Sarah, George, Helen, Charles, David, Andrew, Marina, Anne, Edward

Lord Strathnaver, 23, heir to one of Scotland's largest estates, replete with 90-room castle, has completed his training at Hendon, and will now pound a London beat as Constable Alistair Sutherland, the only titled hobby in the realm. "I dislike crime," explained the young Oxford grad. His family motto "Without Fear."

Astroflash, a New York computer programmed for astrological horoscopes, issued its forecasts for 1970. Richard Nixon will face—and win—a conflict with "a father-figure, some person of authority." Mao Tse-tung is warned to "be aware of unleashing vital forces you might have trouble controlling." After an unsuccessful brush with passion, Gamal Abdel Nasser will "see a dream come true. You will assert yourself, push forward and conquer." No word on Israel's Golda Meir.

CBS, not always renowned for political audacity, was under attack for censoring two separate peace pleas taped by Carol Burnett and Elke Sommer for the network's late-night *Merv Griffin Show*. Both were emotional appeals for antiwar letters to be sent to Mrs. Martin Luther King, who planned to deliver them to the President as part of a movement called People for Peace. After Burnett's bitter protest, the network apologized, saluting her as "one of the great stars in the CBS family." Like the Smothers Brothers?



YOUNG ROYALTY AT WINDSOR
The Kaiser's cousins.

WESTERN ELECTRIC IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HAVING AN IDEA AND BEING ABLE TO TALK OVER IT.

Is that your 1980 telephone, over on the next page?

It's all electronic, including the "bell."

The hand set weighs only a few ounces because it uses only thin film and integrated circuits.

It's filled with plastic foam to protect it from even severe shock.

And it will make your voice sound more like you, than any telephone you've used.

But right now it's still just an idea — one of many in the minds of our colleagues, the engineers and scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Before you can use it, Western Electric must add the crucial art of manufacture. Because only the ability to make such a product, make it in large numbers,

make it reliable, and make it at low cost, can transform it from an idea to reality.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We also make the difference between having an idea and being able to talk over it.



Western Electric



MODERN LIVING



PAT NIXON STROLLING, BOWLING & DRESSED FOR THE BALL
A dress for the mother of the bride.

Pat's Wardrobe Mistress

She is small, round, gray-haired and rosy cheeked. In a crowd of women shoppers, she would be totally indistinguishable. But then, this particular woman never shops in a crowd; her purchases are made in the hush of showrooms and hotel suites, and each dress is pondered as if it were a matter of national policy. Which, in a way, it is. For she is Mrs. Richard Nixon's personal fashion scout, Commissioner of Coats and Suits, Wardrobe Mistress to the First Lady of the Land.

Her name is Clara Trezy—not exactly a household word, except at the White Household, where the 66-year-old Westchester County woman is as familiar a mainstay as the North Portico. Pat Nixon is not the first First Lady Clara Trezy has helped dress: Lady Bird Johnson became client No. 1 when Neiman Marcus President Stanley Marcus introduced her to Miss Trezy, a longtime and highly valued consultant to his store. It was only a hop, skip and a new Administration to her current post with Mrs. Nixon.

Advice and Consent. The inaugural hallgown cinched the job. A deep yellow satin formal designed by Harvey Bern, the dress was warm enough (with matching jacket) to be worn outside, festive enough for the occasion (with embroidery and beading), comfortable enough (with an easy, straight skirt) and photogenic enough (with simple, straight lines) to win Mrs. Nixon's wholehearted approval. The fashion industry was less enthusiastic. "A dress for the mother of the bride," sneered Designer Chester Weinberg. "A schoolteacher on her night out," snipped Mollie Parnis.

Mrs. Nixon paid no attention, and in an unprecedented maneuver hailed by

budget-minded women the world over, wore the dress at least twice more in public, instead of handing it over straightaway to the Smithsonian Institution. Miss Trezy explained mildly: "The Nixons are middle-American people who don't want to be flash-in-the-pan. They don't want to be jet-setty or way out Mrs. Nixon must be ladylike." To this end, Clara Trezy advises, with Pat's consent, clothes that tend toward the bland and predictable, styles that hover on that precarious border between classic and passé. Jackets skim the body, neither hiding nor defining, sleeves cap the arm, and skirts end at mid knee, neither here nor there. Pants do not suit.

As for color, pinks and pale greens are favored, and fans of those shades



CLARA TREZY
Getting her money's worth.

call them soft and feminine. *Women's Wear Daily* calls them "icky-poo pastels." Miss Trezy also confirms Mrs. Nixon's inbred frugality: "I want her to get her money's worth," she says. No chance, then, for a \$2,000 Norman Norrell evening dress (Jacqueline Kennedy's choice as First Lady), or any of the \$600 Mollie Parnis outfits beloved by Lady Bird Johnson. Mrs. Nixon spends only about \$145 for a daytime ensemble, \$300 to \$400 for a formal gown. Miss Trezy's fee is the difference between the wholesale and retail price. When a choice is made as many as 50 possibilities are shown to Mrs. Nixon by designers who drop into her New York hotel suite at appointed hours during her stay. The dress is custom-made and withdrawn from production to avoid a run-in with a ditto.

Privilege and Disaster. Clara Trezy knows what she likes; more important, she knows what Mrs. Nixon likes. She also knows how to get it. Born in a Pennsylvania town (Sherman) so small it no longer exists, and schooled in Middletown, N.Y., with two years at Syracuse University, she put in a short stint as a clerical worker in a Manhattan bank before going West—in Seventh Avenue. First came buying and retailing, and then fashion consulting for Neiman Marcus' New York outlet. Married for 33 years to Christian Science Practitioner Frank Geisler, she dropped out of the fashion business for a while, but felt superfluous, a nobody. "Now, with 15 suburban women besides Mrs. Nixon to shop for, she finds her work more than satisfying." "A privilege," she says.

A disaster, say others. Her choice of clothes for Mrs. Nixon is a deterrent to the new spirit in American fashion, avoiding as it does anything new or exciting, ignoring designers with real flair like Bill Blass and Donald Brooks, though room has been found for Geoffrey Beene. "She is like a mother-in-law who never makes trouble," says Chester Weinberg, another of the ignored. "She couldn't think young if she tried. Mrs. Nixon seems to feel she'd rather be dull than right, and she surrounds herself with women of yesterday." Mollie Parnis concurs more heatedly. "Clara Trezy has lousy taste," she says. "Pat Nixon should let herself go, but I guess it's a deeper problem than just dressing."

The criticism may be premature. "Lady Bird developed a sense of theater about clothes that Pat Nixon doesn't have yet," says Adele Simpson. And Norman Norrell, dean of American designers, points out that Lady Bird's sense of theater did not emerge until she was well into her White House residency. Pat Nixon is barely emerging from the wings, but at a preview last month of Bob Hope's Christmas show, she turned up in an apricot-colored, clipped-velvet evening gown by Beene that lent a new breath of chic to the proceedings. With Clara Trezy beside her, the salon vote may yet be hers.

The Laugh Tycoon

A man is laughing. He is hysterical. He is consumed by laughter, actually afflicted with it. He cannot stop. It is astonishing. It is even more astonishing because there is no man in sight. The subway station is empty—except for one old woman and two small boys.

Eerie? Absurd? Only for 30 seconds, until the record of uninterrupted laughter has run its course inside the bag the boys are swinging. Then, it is clearly only a joke, and already the hottest toy of the new year: Bag Full of Laughs.

It looks like an ordinary beanbag, orange, pink or candy-striped. But when a concealed button is tapped, a battery-operated three-inch plastic disk turns on, and there is no turning off the heehaws for half a minute. "We sell happiness," says Sammy Kay, vice president of the Gund Manufacturing Co. and chief purveyor of the laughing bag, a brand of happiness that costs about \$5. Gund has been putting laughing boxes inside stuffed animals since 1954, but it wasn't until this year that the company sent them out to go it alone. "Our first buyers," Kay reports, "were wary. But it's like making soup. You make enough for four people, and when everybody asks for more you look in the pot and there isn't any left." Last week, with over 1,000,000 pieces shipped and another 300,000 in production, Kay's pot was bone dry.

Legal Battles. In the 30 years Kay has been with Gund, the company's biggest hits have been a floppy slumber dog called "Regal Beagle" and a series of Walt Disney stuffed toys. But this—"it's incredible," moans the 54-year-old laugh tycoon. To keep on top of orders, Kay has stopped commuting to his home in The Bronx and has taken a hotel room near his shabby Fifth Avenue showroom. "It's impossible," he adds, "It's just like a tornado hit me."

Competitors are willing to share the storm. The Louis Marx Co. has The Laugh Machine, at twice the size and with a laugh that sounds as if a child were being tickled and tickled. Then there is a "Bag of Laughs," a "Laughing Pouch," and for those who like their titters in hard covers, a "Box O Laughs." Legal battles may be forthcoming. The issue, whether laughter, packaged, is in the public domain.



BAGS OF LAUGHTER

The subway station is empty.

ENVIRONMENT

Worried Scientists

The growing alarm at man's abuse of nature is having a significant effect on scientists. Instead of burrowing in their narrow disciplines, many are showing ever broader concern for social problems. In Boston last week, the trend was clear at the annual meeting of the 122,000-member American Association for the Advancement of Science, which staged more than 40 symposiums on issues affecting the quality of life. Among the highlights.

- **OVERPOPULATION.** Biologist Barry Commoner, the Washington University eco-activist, warned that current projections of six to eight billion people on earth (twice as many as now) presage global catastrophe "probably within the next generation." The upsurge, he said, will strain the earth's dwindling resources while endangering the stability of ecosystems that supply food, oxygen and water—the necessities of life. Technology can ease the pressure for now, added S. Fred Singer, a high official in the Interior Department, but the cost will be enormous—for example, between \$43 billion and \$66 billion just to curb U.S. water pollution over the next five years. Sounding like a modern Malthus, Singer said: "A level exists beyond which a nation devotes too much of its productive capacity to simply keeping its head above dirty water."

- **AIR POLLUTION.** Man is filling the air with more than 800 million tons of pollutants per year. Although the exact mechanism is unknown, scientists believe that the resulting dust particles help to form more clouds and rain. Said Charles L. Hosler, dean of Pennsylvania State University's College of Earth and Mineral Sciences: "There may be a threshold beyond which small changes in the weather could bring about major shifts in the earth's climate."

- **MISALLOCATED RESOURCES.** Criticizing the space race, retiring A.A.A.S. President Walter Orr Roberts urged the U.S. to join Russia in a cheaper, mutual space program aimed at "an optimal balance of man and nature on this magnificent but imperiled planet." If the two countries directed their space efforts at earth, said Orr, teams of astronauts could chart ocean currents to help fishing fleets find their catch, discover just where air pollutants go in the atmosphere, and vastly improve weather forecasting. Dr. John H. Knowles, head of Massachusetts General Hospital, drew sustained applause by questioning the nation's current priorities. "We are spending twice on the super-sonic transport what we spend on medical research in one year," said Knowles, "and that's going to cause more disease, more noise, air pollution and traffic congestion. And who the hell wants to get to London a few hours earlier anyway?"



DE LA FUENTE LAUNCHING PEREGRINE
New use for an ancient art.

Bustards at 12 O'Clock High

As U.S. jet fighters shattered the Spanish noon last week, a Medieval-looking man patrolled the runway of the joint U.S.-Spanish airbase at Torrejón near Madrid. On his outstretched hand perched a hooded peregrine falcon. A strange place to practice the ancient art of falconry? Not quite: the U.S. Air Force has drafted the regal birds of prey to chase flocks of little bustards that endanger aircraft.

The danger began when hordes of bustards collided with jets darting off the runway. In 1967, they caused a loss of \$1,500,000 in damaged aircraft. The Air Force failed to get rid of the pests with rifle fire; harsher remedies (grenades, poison) were rejected because they might kill other wildlife.

In desperation, the Air Force turned to Félix de la Fuente, a naturalist who has revived falconry in Spain. De la Fuente was certain that the falcons would quickly banish the little bustards. Almost two years ago, he trapped six falcons and painstakingly trained them to hunt on command. Since then, the bustards have fled in panic from their natural enemy. Last November only nine bustards were sighted, compared with the 10,415 that stymied operations in November 1967 before the arrival of the hawks. As a result, De la Fuente has returned to his wildlife research, leaving the twice-daily hawk patrols to Technical Sergeant Robert O. Collum, who now has one of the strangest jobs in the U.S. armed services.

THE LAW

The Panthers' Honky Lawyer

When the Black Panthers sought a lawyer to defend Huey Newton on a murder charge a few years ago, so a popular story goes, they tested the attitude of Charles Garry in a long interview. "Are you as good as Perry Mason?" one of them growled at the white San Francisco attorney. "I'm better," Garry replied. "Both of us get our clients off, but Mason's are innocent."

The Panthers happily hired Garry and they have never regretted it. At Newton's trial, Garry pictured the Panther "defense minister" as a selfless leader of his people and compared his message with that of Jesus, who said: "I came not to send peace but a sword." Despite a public clamor for revenge against Newton, who was accused of murdering a policeman during a shootout in Oakland, he was convicted on the lesser charge of manslaughter. Now Garry, 60, is the top legal defender of other Panther leaders across the nation.

Last fall he became famous as the missing lawyer in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Eight. Panther Bobby Seale demanded a delay in the trial because Garry was unavailable, recovering from gall bladder surgery. Eventually, a mistrial was declared in Seale's case because of his outbursts. So close is Garry to the Panthers that San Francisco police now call him whenever they issue a warrant for a member of the black militant organization.

Not Afraid. How did a honky lawyer win the complete trust of the Panthers? Garry says that they were looking for an able trial lawyer who could also "project the correct social views in defending his clients." He met all the requirements. Born in Bridgewater, Mass.,

he was the son of immigrant Armenian parents named Garabedian who later moved to California's Central Valley. He learned about discrimination at an early age. "I was called a goddamned Armenian," he recalls. "Until I finished grammar school, I think I had a fight every single night." After high school, Garry worked in a cleaning shop while attending the San Francisco Law School at night. A convert to socialism during the Depression, he began his career defending trade unions, which were then in their most militant period.

Garry denies ever having been a Communist. But when asked point-blank by the House Un-American Activities Committee some years ago, he pleaded the Fifth Amendment and refused to answer. In so many words, Garry says, "I told them to kiss my ass." Garry believes in socialism, and that belief is one of his closest links to the Panthers, who share his economic views. He also believes in Huey Newton, whom he first met after the Panther was charged with murder in 1967. Garry recalls that Newton had a bullet wound in the stomach and was being fed through a tube in his nose. "With all of that," says Garry, "here was a man who was not afraid. This man is a natural-born leader without any ego."

Fingering Finks. Like many attorneys of his generation, Garry earned his law degree without going to college. As a result, he still has trouble with spelling and syntax. But he is deft at tying a witness in knots and unraveling the emotions of a jury. A man of mercurial moods in the courtroom, he can slouch in his chair and be self-effacing. Or he can jump to his feet and shout angrily. "This is ludicrous!" Defending seven antiwar dissenters who were charged with

conspiracy after a violent demonstration at an Oakland induction center in 1967. Garry began his cross-examination of a police informer this way. "Sir, do you know what a rat fink is?" In his closing statement, Garry's eyes grew moist as he spoke of "these young men's lives ruined by this travesty." All seven defendants were acquitted.

When he is not defending unpopular causes, Garry is a specialist in forensic medicine. His skill with juries is particularly useful during personal injury, hospital negligence and medical malpractice suits. Because he now spends so much time with the Panthers, however, Garry claims that this loss of his services has cost his nine-member law firm between \$150,000 and \$200,000 a year. The Panthers pay him only small amounts from time to time when money is donated to their cause.

Garry's admirers include both veterans of the labor movement and black militants, and sometimes there is a conflict between them. At a testimonial dinner for Garry last May, a waiter who disliked some of the conversation suddenly shouted, "To hell with this bull! Long live the United States of America!" At the Panthers' insistence, the hotel manager summarily fired the man—amid resounding boos from labor leaders and other liberals. Trying to bring his friends back together, Garry rose to explain that the Panthers usually opposed such firings—but the hotel management had obviously so misused the man that he was unaware of his own need for liberation. While that rhetoric may have satisfied doctrinaire Marxists, Garry will need more persuasive arguments when defending the Panthers in their troubles with the law.

A Criminal Wage

In these inflationary times, most people would consider \$3 for a day's work a criminal wage. In Ohio, it is just that: for years, a state law has offered convicted persons the choice of paying their fines or working them off at the rate of \$3 a day. Ohio's Supreme Court has just found that law unconstitutional. Because an affluent criminal can choose between jail or payment of a fine, but the indigent offender cannot, the court ruled that the law violates the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

Judge Robert M. Duncan, who wrote the opinion, also objected on grounds that any wage earner would understand. The workhouse pay rate is far too low to recompense a man—even a convicted one for his labor, said the judge. He wisely declined to establish a new pay scale for prisoners. "This," he said, "is a legislative question." But some refused to wait. Cincinnati City Manager Richard Krahach issued an executive order setting \$10 a day as the rate for those serving time, thereby releasing 98 prisoners who had already worked enough days to pay their fines at the new wage scale.



GARRY WITH SEALE AND KATHLEEN CLEAVER
A fight every night.

MEDICINE

Gripped by the Grippe

While such natural hazards as snow, fog and heavy rains deterred most long-distance passengers last week, one world traveler got through unimpeded. Requiring no passport and thriving on inclement weather, the influenza virus designated A-Hong Kong-68 was sweeping across Europe like a Mongol horde.*

The cause of Europe's vulnerability to HK-68 was its lack of what epidemiologists call "herd immunity." Unlike North America, virtually the entire Continent (aside from European Russia) got off lightly last winter. Relatively few Europeans developed either flu or the substantial natural immunity that

the north spread relentlessly down the leg to the very toe of Italy, and last week was rampant in Sicily. Just when it seemed that the peak had passed in the north, cold weather brought a second wave to Trieste and Turin.

The picture was much the same in Greece, where one-third of the population was officially estimated to be bedridden; the light spread to Yugoslavia and Switzerland, Austria and West Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Germans' word of the week was *Grippenelle* (flu wave), and Chancellor Willy Brandt went to Tunisia to recuperate from his bout. The Viennese, devoted to hot lemon drinks as a palliative bid up the price of lemons from their mid-

The Mess in Medicaid

Medicaid and Medicare Few words relating to America's health have been mouthed so often since Congress wrote them into law in 1965. Yet few Americans understand them. As a consequence, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has printed 550,000 copies of a deliberately cute, three-color booklet entitled *MEDICAID—MEDICARE. Which Is Which?* Medicare, it points out, is a federal program and is the same all over the U.S. Medicaid, on the other hand, is a federal-state partnership under which states design their own programs. How widely these vary and how grave are their defects became clear last week as Medicaid passed its fourth birthday.

Whereas Medicare has drawn predictable criticism for costing more than was estimated and invited abuse by a few unscrupulous doctors, dentists and druggists, it is in general a successful and effective program. Not so Medicaid, which is a shambles at both the federal and state levels.

Patchwork Program. In Washington, Medicaid is a headless monster. To the extent that it is run at all, it is controlled by one of the most cumbrously named offices in government: the Medical Services Administration of HEW's Social and Rehabilitation Service. Its commissioner, Dr. Francis L. Land, was summarily dropped from the post last July at the height of congressional criticism over Medicaid's failings. The Administration has still not replaced Land.

Congress designed Medicaid as a patchwork program. Each state could join after its plan was approved by HEW. The minimum benefits, which every state must provide for all "public assistance" (meaning welfare) recipients, are 1) in- and out-patient hospital care, 2) other laboratory and X-ray services, 3) nursing-home treatment and physicians' services. The patient's eligibility depends on the state's definition of need. That may be anywhere between \$2,448 family annual income, as in Oklahoma, and \$5,000, in New York.

Enmeshed in Tape. Through 1969, Wyoming was the only state offering nothing beyond minimum benefits and only to welfare families. Forty states had operating plans offering additional services such as dental care, prescription drugs, home health care, eyeglasses, clinic services and a variety of diagnostic services. No two states had all the same benefits for the same type of people. In 22 states coverage had been extended beyond the welfare population to the stratum classed as the "medically needy"—those who can subsist only if they have no doctors' or hospital bills to pay.

It is largely in determining what constitutes medical indigence that many state plans have become hopelessly enmeshed in red tape. In New York, which ranks with California as one of the two most liberal states, an applicant for medical-indigence status must supply



LONDONERS BESIEGING PHARMACY FOR FLU MEDICINE

"Absolutely miserable."

the grippe confers against a later bout of disease from the same virus. So most Europeans remained susceptible, and they have made little use of the available vaccines.

According to the World Health Organization's influenza sleuths in London, the current outbreak began in Spain in October. Spaniards consider themselves lucky: no more than 5% of the work force reported sick because of flu.

Hit harder were France, with a third of the population stricken in December, and Italy. The Italians originally named the disease (*la influenza*, to designate "the influence" of an unusual conjunction of the planets) seven centuries ago. This time they blamed it not on the planets but on the return of the Apollo 12 astronauts and called it "moon flu" (*TIME*, Dec. 19). The epidemic struck first in

winter norm of seven schillings (28¢) for ten lemons, to 20 schillings.

In Britain, health officials stubbornly refused to call the outbreak an epidemic. Nonetheless, 1,500,000 workers reported sick, and hospitals in a score of cities closed their doors against all but emergency admissions. Mortality figures rose steadily, although influenza rarely causes death directly, it kills the infirm aged and very young by secondary diseases such as pulmonary ailments. Except for these complications, antibiotics are useless. Nevertheless, in Britain as elsewhere, there was a widespread demand for them and for even less effective drugs. Vaccination, at this late stage of a continent-wide epidemic, will be wasted on many people who have already been exposed to infection, since the shot takes two to three weeks to build up immunity.

TIME's London bureau reported that any Briton, asked what kind of a holiday he spent, was almost certain to answer "Absolutely miserable, thags."

* In North America, the only outbreak severe enough to rate as even a near-epidemic was in Alaska. But in New York City and other metropolitan areas, there was widespread feverish illness and resulting absenteeism.

RELIGION

information about the annual income of each family member, the total of savings, stocks, bonds, and the cash value of insurance policies, including dividends. Social Security payments, and contributions from legally responsible relatives. The applicant should then receive a qualifying card, which is valid for no more than a year, during which time the whole process has to be repeated at least once.

Inflation and Fraud. The Federal Government reimburses 50% of Medicaid costs to the richest states, and up to 83% to the states with the lowest per capita income. Despite this bait, some of the poorer states have been in no hurry. Only seven were ready to go when Medicaid became operable in January 1966; before the year was out, the total was 26. By the end of 1969, 15 others were operating. To overcome the foot dragging, the Federal Government stipulated that any state which had not submitted an acceptable plan by Jan. 1, 1970, would forfeit federal funds for medical aid to dependent children, the blind, and those otherwise disabled. As a result, seven states got in under the wire last week: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Mississippi, New Jersey, and North Carolina. That leaves two holdouts, Alaska and Arizona, which fear that their large Indian population might cost them more if they choose Medicaid instead of their present reservation medical programs.

Medicaid costs have skyrocketed partly because virtually all the states exercise little control over the services rendered or the fees charged. (Connecticut and Illinois have better-than-average management.) Costs have been inflated by some blatant fraud, but HFW officials say this bothers them less than overcharging, which is both more extensive and harder to detect. Perhaps the biggest single cost-boosting factor has been the rise in doctors' and hospital charges throughout the U.S.

The annual federal cost of Medicaid has gone up from an estimate of \$1.6 billion made in late 1967 to \$2.4 billion by the spring of 1969 and \$5.5 billion today. The original Medicaid law contemplated, but did not specifically command a gradual and orderly expansion of state plans so that by 1975 every American meeting eligibility requirements would get comprehensive medical care. The target date has now been set back to 1977. By then, if the planners' hopes are fulfilled, Medicaid should be making care available to many more than the 10 million Americans now covered. And the benefits should be vastly superior to the present crazy-quilt, costly and largely inadequate care.

Heart-Lung Rejection

Edward Falk, 43, the world's first adult recipient of a transplant including the heart and both lungs (TIME, Jan. 5), died in New York Hospital eight days after the operation, of pneumonia and possibly a rejection reaction

House of Lords

East Harlem's First Spanish Methodist Church is a congregation of lower-middle-class Puerto Ricans. For three months it has been under attack by a militant Puerto Rican group, the Young Lords, who have demanded church space for a weekday free-breakfast program for neighborhood children. The church refused, saying the congregation itself should organize any such action.

On the Sunday after Christmas, as the strains of the Recessional faded away, a member of the Lords rose and tried to address the congregation. He was ignored. Then, as the congregation filed out, 150 Lords and supporters took

of social-action programs, First Methodist "hasn't done a thing."

The church has indeed lagged in community service, but a \$75,000 mortgage on its new (1966) brick building bites deeply into its budget, besides. Puerto Rican Methodists are typically conservative and pietistic. But some, in the wake of the Lords' takeover, are urging hurry-up consideration of church-run breakfast and day-care projects. "They are willing to have the building used as a service to the community," says one Methodist official, "but as an expression of their own religious faith."

However, the Lords' leftist program goes well beyond free breakfasts. Now that they are in the building, they want



YOUNG LORDS' SCHOOL OF LIBERATION
A rifle slung across his back.

over the building and nailed shut its doors with timbers and railroad spikes.

The next morning, First Methodist was a whole new scene. A banner proclaimed, "The Doors Are Open to the People's Church." Posters using Black Panther rhetoric announced "When One of Us Falls, 1,000 Will Take His Place" and "All Power to the People." A door bore an image of a hand clutching a rifle, based on the Lords' chosen symbol: Jesus with a rifle slung across his back. Inside, the militants were dispensing food and setting up classes in a "school of liberation."

Dead Center. Like their parent organization, a former street gang in Chicago, most of the New York Lords are nominal Catholics. But the Lords' "Information Minister," known simply as Yoruba, 20, denies any bias in seizing the church of a Spanish-speaking Protestant minority. The Lords cite its strategic location in East Harlem—"dead center"—and maintain that while most area churches have attempted some sort

to stay there, though the church has started court action to have them ousted. Until they are, say the Lords, the church is free to hold Sunday services as usual. But on weekdays, they will keep on giving juice, milk and cookies to 100 children a day. They also show films (sample: a documentary on the pre-1968 Olympics student riots in Mexico City) and make speeches urging independence for Puerto Rico, which they view as a U.S. colony.

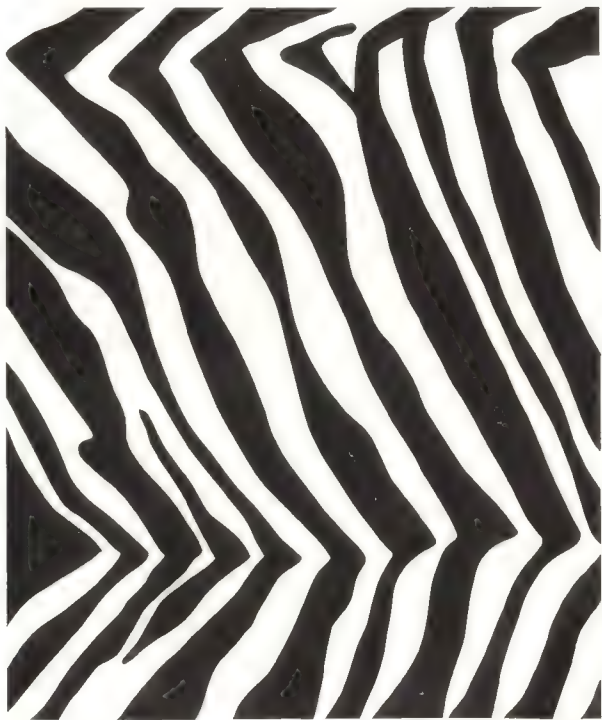
Spots for God

The scene is a cocktail party. The host cuts through the chatter to suggest that everyone play a word-association game.

Leader: Money.
Guests: Bills. Evil. I as Vegas.
Leader: Freeway.
Guests: Death. Ticket. Hurry.
Leader: God.
Guests: (Silence).

The end of this 60-second playlet makes the point: most people do not

**Let's hope the American eagle is not replaced by
the zebra as our national emblem.**





The human race is
not to the swift.
And it's not quite as simple
as black and white.
Our country cries for harmony.
It must rely on reason.

Let's face it.

We need each other.

Now.

It's not leadership
so much as fellowship
that we need.
From the big city
to the country town.
From the freeway
to your driveway.

Do your part.

God's done all he can.
Try to explain that
to your children.

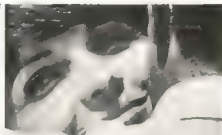
Unless you're content
for America to be
black and white
and red all over.



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LITTLE ROCK • MEMPHIS



WIFELY KISS

All things considered, consider God.



BLACK HAND IN WHITE

know what to say about God any more, and perhaps they ought to know. The soft-sell message is a TV commercial, one of 50 religious spots sponsored by the Franciscan Fathers of Los Angeles' St. Francis Productions. The friars may be the most visible practitioners of this new missionary technique—their spots have been distributed to more than 700 stations. But they are by no means alone: more and more churches are turning from Sunday morning sermonettes to brisk 30- and 60-second TV ads.

Sneak It to 'Em. TV stations, excited by the FCC to give a certain amount of viewing time to public-service programming, usually relegate full-length religious shows to the somnolent Sunday-morning hours. A slick, quick spiritual ad, on the other hand, may well win an unsold prime-time minute. Now that Christmas commercials are out of the way and advertising budgets depleted, there may be more religious spots on the air than usual.

Satirist Stan Freberg was a pioneer in sneak-it-to-'em inspiration. Commissioned by the United Presbyterian Church in 1963, Freberg turned out a series of low-key but catchy radio ads. Franciscan Friars Karl Holsnider and Emery Tang of Los Angeles used a similar approach on TV with a pilot Mother's Day spot in 1966: the camera simply panned across the faces of mothers of many races and nations. Now the Franciscans have a 20-man staff and a \$150,000 annual budget, funded by 3,000 fellow friars and affiliated laymen.

Selling on Option. The Franciscan spots are never overtly Roman Catholic in message. In one, a dark hand shakes and holds onto a white hand, and a voice asks, "All things considered, that's not very much, is it?" Another spot shows flashbacks from a day in the life of a married couple as they exchange a kiss on his return from work. The kiss is an external sign of a love that "builds today into forever." A commercial produced for the Episcopal Church shows a man switching channels from catastrophe to catastrophe on his TV set. Finally, he settles on an old Christians-and-lions epic, and is projected back through time right into the scene. The voiceover announces: "Being a Christian

didn't used to be a spectator sport—it still isn't."

The new commercials seek to convey the idea that religion is something worth thinking about. Observes the Rev. Charles Brackbill Jr. of United Presbyterian's Division of Mass Media: "We are selling an option. What we're saying is, 'Consider God—consider God as an alternative.'" The churches are convinced that at least a few halfway believers are once again doing just that.

Another Base

At the turn of the century, most Christians were either Europeans, Russians or North Americans. By the year 2000, however, nearly 60% of Christendom's 1.9 billion souls will be living in the so-called Third World—Africa, Asia, Oceania and Latin America. As never before, Christianity is on the move—southward—and on the way to becoming predominantly a religion of nonwhites.

So predicts Dr. David B. Barrett, author of *Schism and Renewal in Africa* (1968) and secretary of an ecumenical research team based in Nairobi. Christianity's growth in Africa is the most dramatic aspect of the geographic and ethnic shift. By the end of the 20th century, the number of African Christians of all faiths will have grown from 4,000,000 in 1900 (3% of the continent's population) to 351 million (46%). In the process, Christianity in Africa will have surpassed its rival Islam by 25 million adherents. The remarkable growth is attributable to normal population increase and a high incidence of conversion: one of every three African Christians is a first-generation convert.

"For sheer size and rapidity of growth, this must be one of the most spectacular stories in history," says Theodore L. Tucker, executive director of the Africa Department of the National Council of Churches. Three hundred million African Christians "might well give Christianity a permanent non-Western base." With Christianity in mild decline in the developed world (a projected 65% of its populace in 2000, as opposed to 77% in 1900), the day may well come when African and South American missionaries are sent to the far north for the purpose, in Melville's phrase, of christianizing Christendom.

EDUCATION

Professors and Politics

What ever happened to academic conventions where the loudest sound was the rustle of learned papers? Now, alas, scholars stage annual shouting matches at which young professors of the New Left cry for "relevance" while those over 30 feel like 60. The radicals insist that the whole academic world must fight for social change. Old-guard teachers scent heresy—and more important, a disastrous politicization of scholarship.

The radical challenge surfaced dramatically last year at the Modern Language Association meeting in Manhattan (TIME, Jan. 10, 1969). Amid scuffles, the radicals rammed through a resolution condemning the Viet Nam War and even succeeded in electing one of their own as the M.L.A.'s second vice president, Louis Kampf, professor of literature at M.I.T. and a founder of the radical New University Conference and close colleague of Antiwar Critic Noam Chomsky. Last week, during the traditional year-end round of academic conventions, radicals pressed the attack in several disciplines' items:

► At the M.L.A. convention in Denver, Professor Kampf was elevated to first vice president, which puts him in line next year to succeed the association's new president, Shakespearean Scholar Maynard Mack, chairman of the Yale English department. The delegates gave up trying to pass resolutions after stormy debate over a number of proposals, most of them offered by dissidents. Among other things, they wanted the association to demand that colleges hire women teachers in the same proportion that they are represented in the U.S. population (51%) and provide free day-care centers for their children, also included was a repeat of last year's demand for the immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam of all U.S. and other foreign troops. The membership will vote on the resolutions later by mail.

► At the meeting of the American Philosophical Association's eastern division in Manhattan, Harvard Professor Hilary Putnam presented a resolution calling for immediate U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam and condemning American foreign policy as an instrument for economic exploitation. He was hissed. Said Professor Aron Gurwitsch of the New School for Social Research, a refugee from Nazi Germany: "The problem before us is whether a professional and scholarly association does not become unfaithful to its destiny, to its logic, by taking a stand on political questions. It would mean the beginning of complete politicization of our organization and of all spheres of life, and this is the hallmark of totalitarianism." After two hours of shouting, the philosophers passed a compromise resolution that omitted the Marxist critique of U.S. policy, but went along with the radical de-

mand for an immediate pullout of U.S. forces in Viet Nam.

► At the convention of the American Historical Association in Washington, Staughton Lynd, the ex-Yale professor who visited North Viet Nam in 1965 and now works for the "Chicago Resistance," made a bid for the association's presidency. Though Lynd lost to Yale Professor Robert Palmer, 1,040 to 396, the size of his vote was a surprise. Calling themselves the "Caucus of Radical Historians," Lynd's followers submitted a violently worded resolution calling on the A.H.A. to take an official stand against the war, against the harassment of Black Panthers, and against repression of political dissent. Accusing the "Nixon-Mitchell Administration" of pursuing "murderous policies," the radical resolution concluded: "We therefore must abandon 'business as usual,' give up our conventional roles in 'intellectual pacification,' repudiate the court historians who have perverted history for the benefit of those in power, and expose to critical analysis and public attack the disastrous direction in which our Government is taking us." Although a majority of the A.H.A.'s members are opposed to the war and in favor of its speedy conclusion, the radical resolution was offensive to many of them, and it was defeated, 822 to 493.

Ohio's Financial Crisis

A taxpayer's revolt has hit Ohio, where public schooling is financed through a combination of state aid and local property taxes. Taxpayers turned down 166 out of 523 proposals to increase local school levies in November and vetoed \$2 more out of 99 in a special election last month. The result is a statewide financial crisis for the schools. Some closed early for Christmas vacation. Others are meeting the challenge by freezing the size of the faculty and eliminating such "frills" as art and Russian. The schools in Canton plan to cut corners by delaying next fall's opening of school by a month—a serious blow to the fans of Ohio's perennially outstanding high school football team.

The 87,500-member Ohio Education Association, the state's dominant teachers' organization, has threatened to apply sanctions unless the legislature votes additional taxes. The O.E.A.'s first step would be to discourage teachers from teaching in Ohio. Says Stanley Brighton, the association's executive secretary: "The real problem in Ohio is that we tax at the lowest level of any state. We think Ohioans should know that if taxed at the national average, we would provide \$600 million a year more for schools."

* Ohio taxes at the rate of \$7.75 per \$100 of personal income vs. a national average of \$9.80.

Labor of Love

WHILE other scholarly meetings rang with the sounds of political combat, the Archaeological Institute of America convention in San Francisco turned up news of a different sort: announcement of the re-discovery in Turkey of the temple of Aphrodite at Cnidus, which is thought to have been built in the second or third century B.C. One of the most dazzling archaeological finds in years, the temple of the Greek goddess of love was unearthed last summer by an expedition led by a 36-year-old assistant professor at Long Island University who happens to be named Iris C. Love.

Professor Love discovered the temple on the day the first astronauts landed on the moon. "The moon and Aphrodite have been connected for thousands of years," she says. Rare as the circular Doric temple may be, an even more valuable treasure remains to be found. It is Praxiteles' bigger-than-life marble statue of the nude Aphrodite, which stood at the center of the temple on a terrace overlooking the Aegean Sea, where it safeguarded passing ships and sailors. The most renowned sculpture in all antiquity, it was judged by Pliny as "equally admirable from every angle," and copies of it were prized by Ptolemy IV of Egypt and Hadrian of Rome. Professor Love thinks that the original may still be at Cnidus, buried in the ruins. She plans to resume digging next June.



LOVE WITH PART OF FIND

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difference is one thing.**

***Difference for the sake of
better is something else.***

This is something else:

The new 100 millimeter Parliament with the remarkable recess.



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extra-long cigarette with the recessed
filter. Which provides a neater way to
smoke.

The filter is out of sight inside a tip
that feels firm and fresh to the end.
You never taste the filter,
only the flavor.

If you bring a sense of logic as well as
a sense of pleasure to smoking, you're
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Now there are two Parliaments. Extra-long with charcoal. Or regular king-size.



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Look at the track record

Olympia has been making typewriters for over 60 years. Today, we're the largest manufacturer in Europe. And we're picking up speed fast in the U.S.

the way you buy a car and you'll buy an Olympia



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Olympia's keyboard lock stops the type bars the instant you reach the end of a line. You're safe at last from pile-ups and ghost letters at the margins.

Inspect the bumper

This plastic aligning scale and adjustable card holder in front of the carriage protects your printwork from slipping and smudging.

Study the dashboard

We know most girls learn on an IBM. So to keep you feeling secure our sculptured keyboard has the same layout. But that's where the resemblance ends. Only Olympia's has five automatic color-coded repeat keys and three repeat function keys that save you precious minutes.

Slam the hood

See, no tinny clank. Olympia's injection-molded metal covers are strong enough to stand on. But even you can lift them with a finger.

Read the warranty

Every Olympia machine is covered by a one-year guarantee for free parts and labor. Your local, independent Olympia dealer also offers a special maintenance service contract for all repair costs, including parts and labor plus two scheduled maintenance checkups. Because Olympia engineers and builds this Model 50 electric typewriter like a fine imported car, the best part of your service contract is how little you have to use it. Ask your boss to call your dealer today and test drive a new '70 Olympia.



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And now every Lincoln Continental undergoes one of the toughest, most thorough final inspections ever devised for a luxury automobile. A computerized countdown system actually covers more than 100 separate checkpoints on the car.

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LINCOLN · MERCURY



BEHAVIOR

How to Be Fit but Neurotic

He is as healthy as a hound dog. He lifts weights, jogs, does push-ups, plays squash on his lunch hour and likes to get out there with the kids and make like Joe Namath. Yet, in his prolonged obsession with physical prowess, the middle-age fitness fanatic may be exceptionally vulnerable to mental illness.

This somewhat unsettling conclusion was reached by Scottish Psychiatrist J. Crawford Little after analyzing the cases of 72 neurotic male patients. Among 44 men who were intensely concerned with their athletic ability Little reports in the journal *Acta Psychiatrica Scandinavica*, 32 suffered from neuroses that had been set off by physical ailments. Often they were trifling, such as a sprained ankle or a bout of flu. Of 28 nonathletic neurotics, however, only three had mental problems that could be traced at least partially to physical sources. Most of the athletic patients had been fit all their lives and had had happy childhoods, successful marriages and stable personal relationships. But, Little says, "they were overinvolved with physical fitness and health and had come to value them very highly." Thus, in their late 30s and early 40s, when strength started to deteriorate, the athletic patients had become very sensitive to their physical condition.

"This kind of man," says Little, "needs only a slight illness to trigger off a serious neurosis that often lasts for years and is very difficult to cure. The most valuable thing in life—his fitness—has

been taken away, and he can't fill the gap." Most of Little's nonathletic patients could take physical illness in stride. Their neuroses had more familiar origins, problems in marriage or work.

How can health buffs protect themselves against middle-age neurosis? Little, who is 47 and confines his exercise to the mild seasonal Scottish sport of curling (a kind of bowling on ice), suggests that they take up painting or rose growing—almost any avocation other than strenuous athletics. "Unless he has something else to fall back on," the psychiatrist warns, "a man playing hockey or football beyond the age of 42 is asking for trouble."

A Freudian Affair

Marie Bonaparte—Napoleon's great-grandniece—was once asked by Sigmund Freud, "What does a woman want?" During 53 years of marriage, Freud's wife Martha, a plain and gracious woman who scarcely bothered to understand his psychoanalytic theories, neither supplied nor demanded an answer. Now it appears Freud may have known all along, not as the pioneer of a revolutionary new approach to the human psyche, but as a man.

According to his annotated biographer, Ernest Jones, Freud was "quite peculiarly monogamous." The truth, says Psychologist John M. Billinsky, 59, contradicts that judgment during his marriage. Freud conducted a passionate affair with his wife's younger sister, Minna Bernays, a large, imperious and imposing woman who lived with the Freuds for over 40 years. In the current issue of the *Andover Newton Quarterly*, published by the theological institution outside Boston where Billinsky is a professor, the author adds this humanizing revelation to the history of the founder of modern psychoanalysis.

Reason for Parting. A perferid disciple of Carl Jung, who was one of several Freudian disciples to rebel against the master's tutelage, Billinsky introduced his footnote not to illuminate Freud but to correct the official record on Jung's apostasy. The record states that master and student parted for ideological reasons, principally because Jung refused to accept the Freudian tenet that virtually all human emotional problems could be traced to sex. The Jungian school enlarged the definition of the libido into a vital life-force, or *Bergsonian élan*, of which the sex drive is only a component—and not a very big one at that.

Had Billinsky not enrolled in Jung's Zurich school during an academic sabbatical in 1957, this explanation might have stood. But Billinsky had several audiences with Jung, then in his 80s, during one of which, according to Billinsky, the apostate confided the real reasons he parted company with his mentor. In 1907, in a conversation that Bil-



MINNA BERNAYS
All in the family.

linsky transcribed, Jung said that he spent some time in the Freuds' Viennese household and soon found out about the liaison between Freud and Minna. "From her," said Jung, "I learned that Freud was in love with her and that their relationship was indeed very intimate." This knowledge upset Jung so much that, without alluding to it directly, he suggested that Freud enter analysis—under Jung. Freud refused.

Image Repaired. By then, the master had begun to suspect that his leading disciple was eager to assume the mantle of successor. That knowledge may have helped widen the breach between them. But the parting came for another reason. "It was my knowledge of Freud's triangle that became a very important factor in my break," Jung told Billinsky. "And then I could not accept Freud's placing authority above the truth. This too led to further problems in our relationship. In retrospect, it looks like it was destined that our relationship should end that way."

Why did Billinsky wait so long to append his footnote? The reason, he explains, was the belated discovery last summer of 13 letters from Freud to the president of Clark University in Worcester, Mass., in connection with a series of lectures at that school during Freud's only visit to the U.S. (TIME, Sept. 5). In one letter, Freud wrote bitterly of Jung: "If the real facts were more familiar to you, you would very likely not have thought that there was again a case where a father did not let his sons develop, but you would have seen that the sons wished to eliminate their father, as in ancient times." Billinsky says he broke his silence to repair the Jungian image.

Billinsky's exposé is risk free. Martha, Minna and the man they shared are silent in the grave.



MIDDLE AGED EXERCISE CLASS
Hypochondriacs in the gymnasium?

MUSIC

Down to Old Dixie and Back

It is not a commonplace river

—Mark Twain,
Life on the Mississippi

IN the Deep South, they have a saying that the closer you get to the Mississippi River, the better the music is. Down there, music lovers can easily tell whether a hot lick comes from 50 miles east of the river or 50 miles west: whether, in other words, it is East Texas blues, Delta blues or Georgia hill blues. If it gets much farther away than that, folks don't much care to know about it.

Small wonder, then, that back in 1959 Jaime ("Robbie") Robertson, then

a 16 year-old from Toronto, set off eagerly for points south, guitar in hand. "I was born to do it, man," Robertson recalls. "Born to pack my bag and be on my way down the Mississippi River. I was music-crazy, just a total music fanatic. I wanted to see all those places with those fantastic names. Chattanooga, Tenn.—wow! Shreveport. Lu-zee-ana—wow! I just couldn't wait to drive down that road, you know. All that good music came from there—Robert Johnson, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Junior Parker—and they kept talking about those places in their music."

Over in Simcoe, Ont., a young butcher's helper and part-time bass-guitar

player named Rick Danko felt a similar urge. Driving up to his parents' home one evening in a friend's Cadillac, he cried out: "I've got to leave tonight; it's now or never!" He borrowed a coat, packed and was gone. One by one, Garth Hudson in London, Ont., Richard Manuel in Stratford, Ont., and Levon Helm, down on a bare subsistence farm in Marvell, Ark. (pop. 1,200), were making similar plans. To Helm, it was especially urgent. "You get out of school in May, and that's when you've already started planting cotton. You work from there right through till September, and the only break in there is the Fourth of July. I found out at about the age of twelve that the way to get off that stinking tractor, out of that 105-degree heat, was to get on that guitar."

Soon these five musical Huck Finns joined forces. As of the year 1970, they have played together for a decade. They have seen all the places that once sounded so magical. They have gathered up and stored a fair share of all that good music. Not only do they seem to know where all those hot licks come from, but they know where they should go.

For years, practicing together for as much as seven, eight, ten hours a day, they played one-night stands in grubby towns all over the South and Canada. Later, they played invisibly behind Bob Dylan at the peak of his fame, learning from him and teaching him something in return. Now, as The Band an intentionally unpretentious title—they have come into their own. In the shifting, echoing cacophony of sound and sometimes fury that is the modern rock scene, The Band has now emerged as the one group whose sheer fascination and musical skill may match the excellence—though not the international impact—of the Beatles.

Trip or Treat

Significantly, The Band's music is quiet. They once played hard-driving, ear-numbing rock. Now they deal in intricate, syncopated modal sound that, unlike most rock but like fine jazz, demands close attention and rewards it with a special exhilarating delight. When The Band plays, it is not for a trip but a musical treat. Though their newest LP, *The Band*, is high on *Billboard's* "Top LP" chart and they have sold close to a million records, this does not mean that The Band will be everybody's cup of tea. But for those who take to them—musicians, college kids who have grown tired of the predictable blast-furnace intensity of acid rock, and an ever-growing segment of the young—The Band stirs amazement and glee. Perhaps their most important accolade is the approval of scores of fellow mu-



THE BAND IN WOODSTOCK. (TOP) ROBERTSON, HELM, HUDSON, (BOTTOM) MANUEL, DANKO
Straight lines, pure sentiments, and ancient hymns on Sunday morning.

sicians, who say simply "The Band is where it's at."

The Band's sound is at first deceptively simple. It comes on mainly as country music full of straight lines and pure sentiments—in short, what Rock Critic Richard Goldstein has characterized as "pop nostalgia." But as you listen, new depths and distant sources emerge—and finally convince and captivate. Bach toccatas, folk tunes, commercial rock 'n' roll, Scottish reels, the sound of Ontario Anglican church worshippers raising their voices in hymns on Sunday morning. The lyrics are spiritual and timeless. In Robertson's *The Weight*, written for the group's first Capitol album *Music from Big Pink* (1968) and heard in the movie *Easy Rider*, cascading lines of melody combine with mock-serious lyrics to bring an Old Testament character face to face with a 1970 rock musician.

*I pulled into Nazareth,
Was 'leeh'n' 'bout half-past dead
I just need some place where I can
lay my head
"Hey Mister, can ya tell me where a
man might find a bed?"
He just grinned an' shook my hand
And "no" was all he said*

Words and music are delivered with unfashionable understatement. At four recent concerts in Manhattan's 4,500-seat Felt Forum (sellouts all), The Band showed a no-nonsense absorption in music that would have done credit to the Budapest String Quartet. Robbie Robertson's main contribution is as a composer of most of the group's songs and lyrics. But onstage he is a sedate figure who vaguely suggests pictures of James Joyce as a young man. With the bare trace of a smile visible under his mustache, his eyes often closed in what seems to be creative ecstacy he stands punching out notes and laying out funky phrases like "the mathematical guitar genius." Bob Dylan used to say he was. Levon Helm approaches his drums with what is, in rock music, unparalleled subtlety and restraint. On bass, Rick Danko occasionally puffs his cheeks as if he were playing a horn. At the piano, Richard Manuel looks like a teen-ager masquerading as a pirate.

Behind them all, Garth Hudson rolls his bewinkered, beaklike head from side to side and pedals his organ with stockinged feet. Garth is beyond question the most brilliant organist in the rock world. His improvised variations, drawn from a vast knowledge of popular and classical music, provide both decorative scrollwork and depth to The Band's total impact. He also sprinkles each number with unexpected and attractive sounds that always seem to come as a predictable surprise like the emergence of a cuckoo from a cuckoo clock. The drone of a jew's-harp, which serves as a musical bridge in *Up on Cripple Creek*, is actually produced by the wah-wah pedal on Garth's clavichord. But what

ever they do, The Band tends to treat the audience as they would themselves. That means no cutesy-pie patter, no use of microphones as phallic symbols à la Mick Jagger—and no pelvis-pushing onstage or in the aisles.

Can this be rock? The straight, the uninformed or the middle-aged may ask. What happened to all those groups whose names sounded like Self-Adoration, Pathetic Fallacy, or the Small Bores? The answer is: nothing. They're all still there blasting away at a decibel rate that is really delectable only if the listener is high, so that his senses are transforming sound into a mind-blowing experience. Hard rock, acid rock may never die—for one thing because their main constituents, groups and would-be groupies, are now and always will be less interested in music than in the male personalities of the performers.

Yet rock music today, some 15 years

the playing of a hard new blues band called The Flock.

Beyond style, rock is blending with other forms—in rock-backed ballet and in attempts at creating rock opera. Despite a pretentious libretto and hardly any structure (it is really a song cycle), The Who's *Tommy* has profoundly stirred millions of listeners with a story about parental hatred and the resulting rise and fall of a pop-generation dictator. Lately, considerable air time in the U.S. and England has been devoted to *Superstar*, a soaring, foot-tapping single from a rock opera about Jesus Christ, now being written in London. Sample lyrics:

*Did you mean to die like that? Was
that a mistake or
Did you know your messy death
would be a record-breaker?
Jesus Christ Jesus Christ Who are*



THE HAWKS IN 1964
FORMER MEMBER JERRY PENFOUND, DANKO HELM, MANUEL HUDSON, ROBERTSON

after it first laid siege to the heart and middle ear of youthful America, is a various and many-splintered thing. This is partly the result of wealth (which allows experimentation). Partly it is the result of refinement. There are tens of thousands of rock groups. The most musically gifted players are developing and growing up.

Blending Styles

Musical mergers have bred mixtures that all but defy Mendel's law. Groups like Peter, Paul and Mary, and Simon & Garfunkel practice folk rock. Joe Cocker and Janis Joplin lean toward soul rock. Blood, Sweat & Tears and Chicago are into jazz rock, and that is just a beginning. In such groups, the influence of classical has brought about blends of jazz and rock rhythms with composers as diverse as Satie and Bach. Even the classical violin, or rather its electrified sister, has made the scene in

*you? What have you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar Do you think
you're what they say you are?*

Perhaps the broadest shift in rock fashion is the one exemplified by Creedence Clearwater Revival, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, and most of all by The Band. Though The Band calls it "just music—everything we've ever heard or done," the convenient label is country rock. However labeled, it is a turning back toward easy-rhythmed blues, folk songs, and the twangy, lonely lamentations known as country music. Country rock is also a symptom of a general cultural reaction to the most unsettling decade the U.S. has yet endured. The yen to escape the corrupt present by returning to the virtuous past—real or imagined—has haunted Americans never more so than today. A nostalgic country twang resounds all up and down the pop charts. Glen Camp-

The Band Talks Music

ROBERTSON Your roots really are everything that has ever impressed you, and how much of it you can remember. A bridge from a song by Little Milton seven years ago might start you off on something, that's how loose it is. Maybe you'll never even remember it. There are five guys involved, and everybody has a little different thing. Like one guy in the group would remember very impressive horn lines by Cannonball Adderley. Somebody else would remember a singing harmony that J. E. Mainer and his Mountaineers did years ago. Over all the years we've been playing, we've been buying thousands of records by people nobody remembers the names of. Just the music. Right up to Edith Piaf.

HLSDON I found out I could improvise. I probably found out too young. I could never really adhere very strictly to classical music, could never become a good classical player. Could never get anything "down." It amazes me what the classical people have to go through to get something down to that it happens every time. It's really superhuman to maintain the kind of quality that's required.

The "churchy" feeling in their music:

HLSDON I never think of any hymn at any time. It's an idiom. You're acquainted with the movement and the way that it sounds. The Anglican Church has the best musical traditions of any church I know of. It's the old voice leading that gives it the counter-melodies and adds all those classical devices which are not right out there, but they add a little texture. If you look at Bach's three or four hundred chorales, you'll find every rule and every kind of chord that's ever been used since, but it's snuck in so discreetly you don't pick it up as being definite dissonance. You don't realize that he's playing a minor ninth—what we call a minor ninth in dance-band terminology—because it will lead to another chord which will be harmonious or simpler in harmonic texture.

The basic ingredients of rock 'n' roll:

ROBERTSON People say rock 'n' roll is a combination of rhythm and blues and country-and-western, but really it's just blues and country. White music has always been very ricky-ticky, steeptstep, plunkety-plunk-banjo. You could always imagine a stiff collar behind it. Country music was played by white people, and blues was played by black people. And when it interchanged, it became something else, which is what Levon's father sings like. He sings blues with a twang, with that different accent, with a different bump on a different place. The new Rolling Stones album sounds like a bunch of blues-oriented cowboys, man, no doubt about it . . .

Some people call what they do classical rock, or jazz rock, or folk rock. But what we play is really just rock 'n' roll. It's the same music we've been hearing for the last decade and a half. People like Little Richard or Elvis or Fats Domino—these are the people we're carrying out the tradition for, or trying to. I watched a little bit of the *Tom Jones Show*, and that's when you really learn to appreciate Elvis.

Songwriting:

MANUEL I lean more into chord changes and melodic stuff. I can write music very easily, but when it comes to words, I cringe. It's hard to get those words in the right slot, to just get going.

ROBERTSON Sometimes it's just "whoopie" you've got a song. That's the best way, when it just comes upon you and you've got to stop doing everything. It's wondrous. It's what makes you want to write songs. The other way you've got to tug and struggle. It works, but it isn't so rewarding. When you're done, you're just relieved to be done. When I learned the ABCs, I learned that when you write something, you should write something that's not only going to be appreciated today but tomorrow too, or yesterday. The best you can do.

Themselves and staying together:

DANKO We have five people to bounce things off of. Everybody has their spiritual side, which is nice. One week the spiritual end might come up a little heavier on Garth than on Robbie. You know, the holding-it-together.

ROBERTSON When I started playing the whole age of acknowledgment hadn't come yet, when people were saying "Wow." I never said "Wow." I just did what came, you just ate what was put in front of you. People treat us so much more intellectually and so much heavier than what we ever believe for a minute that we are, and we feel kind of foolish. I wish it was magic upon magic, but it's no big thing. There's no point in writing about it, talking about it. Let's just listen to it.

Music in general today:

ROBERTSON People have to look at a tin can as art and say "Wow." I can't believe that people are so glibly to accept what they accept in art and in music. Nowadays they're playing jockstraps and feedback, and they knock them out. I guess there's enough people to go around and anybody can get lucky. I think it's up to the individual to get himself to the place where he doesn't have to be taken in by anything. Now people are saying, let's hear the truth; we haven't heard it in a long, long time.

bell and Johnny Cash, two singers once chained to the old country circuit, are now national figures with coast-to-coast network shows. Commercialized even further, the country strain runs into advertising—most egregiously in Salem cigarettes' unwittingly ironic paeon to the joys of fresh air.

Irony-Proof Vision

The thoughtful young have led the way in declaring disenchantment with the present. But for the perceptive and rebellious, no slickly packaged nostalgia will provide escape or inspiration. Nor are they to be taken into the near-camp of *Grand Ole Opry*. In yearning for an irony-proof vision of a better, gentler life and more enduring values, the young have been turning for years toward solace as various as Zen and hippie communes. In pop music they are now turning toward The Band. In part, this is because The Band's words and music suggest that The Band itself has been there and back. "It's hard to describe," says an Amherst senior, "They're sophisticated, but the very words and music that make them so appealing move away from sophistication to earthy, honest qualities in life." Another adds, "You listen and you just know that's no group of Johnny-come-latelys from the suburbs who've gone off to a commune while Daddy foots the bill."

Among other things, The Band's unidealized look into yesterday includes a rare subject for pop music: consideration of the old. "Most people are knocked out by younger people," Robbie Robertson explains. "I'm knocked out by older people. Just look at their eyes. Hear them talk. They're not joking. They've seen things you'll never see." *Rockin' Chair*, on the latest Band LP, sketches in the weariness of old age better than pop music has any right to do:

Hear the sound, Willy Boy

*The Flyin' Dutchman's on the reef,
It's my belief, we've used up all our time.*

This half's too steep to climb,

And the days that remain ain't worth a dime . . .

Even the group's most lingering look back at life on the land, *King Harvest*, is touched with a double vision. It is marked by an ironic interplay between the rich, yet somehow threatening sound of nature and the querulous, grasshopperish whine of the farmer.

"I'm glad to pay those union dues," the farmer sings. "Just don't judge me by my shoes." But then comes the refrain. With Danko and Robertson on guitars, creating a controlled hush that is just the right rustling background, Manuel and Helm sing in low unison

*Corn in the fields,
Listen to the rice when the wind
blows 'cross the water.
King Harvest has surely come.*

Music fans who turned up at record stores to buy The Band's first album,

Big Pink, were confronted by a rather odd but decidedly cheerful slip case. On one side were some pastel-colored creatures purporting to be The Band. Though it seemed clear that they had been created by somebody's gifted kindergarten son, the credit line truthfully assigned the artistry to Bob Dylan. On the inside cover, a phalanx of figures appeared—some 35 in all—who turned out to be The Band, hacked by most of the members of their respective families. It is characteristic of our age that many people thought the family bit had to be a put-on. It was not. "We don't see our people all that much," Robertson says. "But we get sick and tired of all these whiny rock groups who are always bitching about their parents."

In Dylan and their parents, the group had paid respects to two of the major forces in their musical lives. All five took to music young, and they were brought up singing and playing hymns and folk songs with their families. The only American, Levon, was playing mandolin, drums and guitar in his early teens, and once won first prize at a county fair, accompanied by his sister on a homemade washtub bass. Rick Danko, whose father is a Simcoe tobacco farmer, was given a mandolin at five and soon joined his three brothers at Saturday night musicals.

Garth, the son of a World War I pilot turned agricultural inspector, went farthest in formal study, getting through his first year in music at the University of Western Ontario before taking to the road. Before that he had helped his father rebuild two pump organs and worked through much of Bach's keyboard music (*The Well-Tempered Clavier*, some 300 chorales). He also briefly played sepulchral organ in his uncle's funeral parlor. "It was terrible," he recalls. "A terrible business."

Robbie was the only big-city boy. He lived with his widowed mother in Toronto and played serious guitar at twelve. Richard was the only reluctant musician in the group. His father, a Chrysler mechanic in Stratford, saw to it that he had piano lessons. But he hated practicing—until he learned he could attract girls by playing in a band.

The Rabelaisian Life

One result of all that music is that four of the five members of The Band can and do sing professionally, and the group actively plays 15 different instruments among them. In the cashless, lean and hungry days, that kind of versatility helped keep them employable. In particular, it made them attractive to Ronnie Hawkins, the stormy but curiously attractive personage who first beat them into shape as a playing unit.

Hawkins billed himself as "the king of rockabilly" (an ancestor of country rock—by rock 'n' roll out of hillbilly). Calling the members of his band The Hawks, he led them from the grubby nightspots on Toronto's Yonge Street to clip joints in Texas, Louisiana and

Mississippi. "Those places were so tough," Hawkins now likes to recall, "you had to show your razor and puke twice before they'd let you in."

A fine front man, Hawkins had a Rabelaisian capacity for talk, among other things. Yet by The Band's accounts, his memories are little exaggerated. "At one bar in Dallas called the Skyliner Club," says Robbie, "they had these dancer chicks, and one of them who was dancing had only one arm. It was a rough joint. Bullet holes in all the walls."

On the money side, things were grim. The group occasionally had to work together in grocery stores, one buying something like a loaf of bread while the others tried to steal what they could. "We didn't have nothing to eat," Robbie explains. "And no money." One night, really desperate, Levon and Robbie decided to stick up a crap game

scathed. Also they began to realize that they had nothing more to learn from Hawkins. A musician they could learn from was Bob Dylan, and when in 1965 he suddenly asked them to join him for a tour, they quickly accepted. "We knew who he was," says Robbie, "but we didn't know he was near as famous as he was." That was the point in Dylan's life when he turned his back on his folk-purist fans and met rock head on. The rock he met was provided by The Hawks—who became known as "the band." The result was folk rock. In some ways, that was the most decisive moment in rock history. One reason is that rock thereafter began to make increasing use of the modal harmonies then prevalent in folk music. "Yeah, Dylan's the one who really mixed everybody up, which was definitely a good thing," says Robbie. "It



THE BAND AT FELT FORUM. MANUEL, DANKO, ROBERTSON, HUDSON, HELM
A cheerful shortage of cutie-pie patter, phallic symbols and pelvis-pushing.

with a pot that often ran to \$7,000 or \$8,000. With masks made of pillow cases they moved out on their mission—only to find the game had broken up early and everybody was gone.

"Hawkins," a friend says, "worked the living hell out of those boys." But the years with the king of rockabilly were not wasted. "He could be funny on stage," says Danko, "and he taught us a lot about music and life." Well, life, anyway. Hawkins liked to throw all-night parties in his apartment above Toronto's Le Coq d'Or club. "Ahh, boy," recalls Manuel, "lots of bring-out-the-wine-and-turn-the-music-up, lots of people in one room just sweating." That one room usually drew a large slice of the unsalubrious downtown playboy set. "The more parties you had," says Manuel, "the more people would come to the nightclub, 'cause they were hoping to get invited to a party later."

With Hawkins cheering them on as a Mephisto-like master of ceremonies, they reveled in a horror chamber of life, the whole scene, with pot and pills thrown in as a matter of course. Somehow they emerged on the other side un-

opened a lot of doors and closed a lot of doors."

They did not always understand the surrealistic lyrics Dylan then favored. Says Robbie, "We were used to singers who opened their mouths and went 'Whop-hop-hop-lu-hop,' but Bob decided to say something while his mouth was moving, and it was interesting to see how easy it came to him." What also impressed the group was the kind of music they were now making, though it was still loud and eruptive, like the life they led. "It was like a volcano going off." Most people agreed, including Actor Marlon Brando, who once told them: "The two loudest things I've ever heard are a freight train going by and Bob Dylan and The Band."

Just Living

The Band plays differently today. It lives differently too. Both changes reflect a period of contemplation, and a hard-earned equilibrium. Three of them—Robertson, Manuel and Danko—have lately married and have small children born within months of one another. In 1966 the group drifted up to Woodstock,

N.Y., to be with Dylan after he broke his neck in a motorcycle accident. As he recuperated, they all played music together informally. Three songs on the *Big Pink* album also resulted, most notably Dylan's own *I Shall Be Released*.

Dylan has since left his house there and moved to Greenwich Village. But The Band plays on in Woodstock. "We didn't just knock off," Robbie tells it. "We were doing some things up here. But we weren't out there in front any more. We were fooling with film and stuff and making tapes and hanging out and doing this—what we do up here—well, just living."

After so long on the road, growing up to quiet was not easy. "Getting healthy," Danko jokes, "is getting up in the morning instead of going to bed in the morning." Another member of The Band describes the transformation thus: "Well, we were shooting films up here, and then we were shooting vodka, and first thing you know we took to shooting fresh air. What a habit."

Keep It Flat

The Band's main effort today in music and life is to try to keep things simple and natural. Personally, this means as much freedom and informality as possible within a framework of intense professional discipline. The group could use a leader and front man but does not have one because, as they explain, "nobody wants the job." Musically, the new style means little or no showmanship and as little jiggering around with electronics as possible. "When people make records now," points out Robbie, "they make things very bright. If you want to hear everything, turn up the treble. We decided not to do that. What ever sound we were going to get, we would get it in the room, not by using some machine. Just record it flat and not use echo. On our second album we did use the bathroom as an echo for the chorus of *Jawbone*, but that's all."

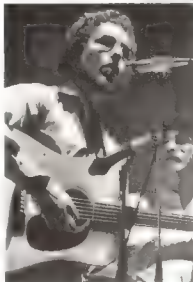
Though they once played for \$2 each a night, they now turn down \$20,000 if the scene seems wrong. When they went to California to make their second LP, they wanted things just like their informal sessions in Woodstock. After a struggle, they avoided a sound studio with wrangling engineers, on-again, off-again schedules. Instead, Capitol fitted up a pool house that used to belong to Sammy Davis Jr. The group tinkered with the knobs themselves and worked at do-it-yourself recording pretty much when and as they pleased. Recently, they walked out of a guest appearance with Glee Campbell because they could not do it live—Campbell wanted them to sit on barrels in a pickup truck and silently mouth songs to their own recorded music.

Given so much longing for simplicity, they are choosy about movie offers. "The newest script we got," Robbie snorts, "was called *Jesus Christ*." Robbie is compiling songs for a new album

Until they make it—probably in the spring—they will do more concerts, calling their shots and places at suitable intervals, rather than launching the kind of all-out tour seen in the Rolling Stones' recent invasion of the U.S.

Somewhat distrustfully, the members of The Band have acquired a few of the trappings of big success. Their new Woodstock houses, perched on hills outside the village. A new recording studio. Levon's zippy gold Corvette. Garth's stately black Mercedes. Before tasting that success themselves, they faced—vicariously through Bob Dylan—the kind of assault on time, privacy and spontaneity that fame and personal success can make on pop musicians.

They have come a long way from home to get where they are, on a harder road, requiring a greater need for



DYLAN WITH ROBERTSON

A fateful meeting between folk and rock

growth, endurance and devotion to music than most flash rock groups ever have to display. They seem well prepared to stay as they are, in a commercialized, McLuhanized, televised, homogenized world, care and craftsmanship have to be cultivated as a matter of personal faith. Experience telescopes, and the young learn fast when they learn at all, sometimes in a few years of running through a range of experience and self-realization that once used to take decades. What The Band has worked out is something that countless other Americans hope for, a sort of watchful, self-protective truce with the encroaching world of noisy commerce. Robbie Robertson said it for them all when he was asked if they worry about being uninvolved, about living such an isolated life. "Live outside what's going on?" he replied. "Well, look what's going on. You almost have to live outside or you lose it. You lose everything. You become your own joke."

MILESTONES

Married Milton R. Young, 72, Republican Senator from North Dakota since 1945; and Patricia Byrne, his secretary for 24 years; he for the second time in a Roman Catholic ceremony at Arlington, Va.

Died Salvatore Baccaloni, 69, *basso buffo* of the Metropolitan Opera from 1940 to 1962, of heart disease; in Manhattan. His keen sense of timing, his magnificent voice and even grander physique (320 lbs) gained Baccaloni a reputation as "the greatest scene stealer in the business." Toscanini discovered him in Italy in 1925, and the young giant packed houses around the world before coming to the Met to appear in such roles as Don Pasquale, Doctor Bartolo and Fra Melitone.

Died Neil MacNeil, 78, author and assistant night managing editor of the New York *Times* from 1930 to 1951 of uremic poisoning; in Southampton, N.Y. MacNeil was one of the paper's key executives during his 21 years on the night news desk, where he determined what news was fit to print and how prominently. Among his books were *An American Peace*, which foreshadowed the Marshall Plan, and *Without Fear or Favor*, a classic study of big city journalism. After retiring from the *Times* in 1951 he became co-author of *The Hoover Report, 1953-1955*.

Died Josef Hromádka, 80, Czechoslovak theologian and proponent of Christian-Communist entente, of a heart attack; in Prague. For years, Soviet Communism had no stronger Protestant advocate than Hromádka. Even so, he argued that, because Marxist-Leninist doctrine did not answer the ultimate questions of life, Christianity might eventually transform Communism. But the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 dashed all his hopes. "My deepest feeling is of disillusionment, sorrow and shame," he wrote, before resigning from the Prague-based Christian Peace Conference, which he had founded in 1958.

Died Theodor Reik, 81, psychoanalyst, author, and protégé of Sigmund Freud, of heart disease, in New York. Part of Freud's small coterie in pre-World War I Vienna, Reik was one of his principal defenders in later years, expanding on classical Freudian theory in his 50 books. *Masochism in Modern Man*, his masterwork, proposed that the masochist is basically a pleasure seeker, whose outward need for humiliation expresses a more basic desire to be loved. In all his works, Reik displayed a refreshing freedom from technical jargon, as in *Of Love and Lust*, where he wrote: "It would be superfluous to tell woman that the proper study of mankind is man. She will never be interested in anything else."



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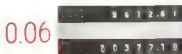
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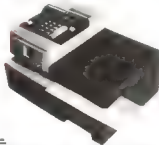
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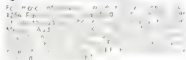
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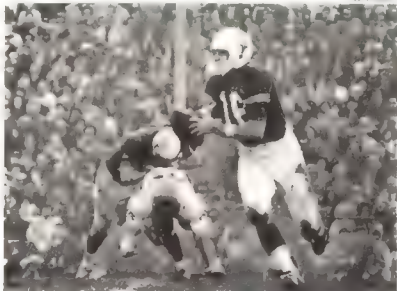
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SPORT

Bowls of New Year Cheer

ONE hundred rich years of college football came to a magnificent climax last week with the perfection of an art form: Theater in the Bowls (a quartet of four-act plays). The production may have seemed overlong (nine straight hours on the tube), but for millions of TV fans it was worth it. Each offering was tightly directed, skillfully acted. From Pasadena to Miami a common script of unrelenting suspense was followed with fidelity. When the dust fell, in some cases, mud had finally settled, three of the four major bowl games had ended in upsets. The action in the arenas was so superlative that New Year's Day 1970 rose far above the level of traditional Jan. 1 battles between conference champions.



QUARTERBACK STREET SCRAMBLING AGAINST NOTRE DAME
A champion should win or go out feet first.

Royal Order

The most dramatic clash was the Texas-Notre Dame game, in which the Longhorns eked out a 21-17 victory. Their triumph was eloquent testimony that Texas deserved its ranking as the nation's No. 1 team. Texas (10-0) faced a fired-up Notre Dame team (8-1-1) that still plays every game for the galvanizing ghosts of Gipp and Rockne. Beyond that, the Fighting Irish were performing in their first post-season game since beating Stanford 27-10 in the 1925 Rose Bowl.

Changing Lead. Texas turned the game into an instant replay of its 15-14 victory over Arkansas. With Texas trailing the No. 2-ranked Razorbacks 14-8, Coach Darrell Royal called for a long pass on a fourth-down-and-three situation. Quarterback James ("Slick") Street lofted a beautiful 44-yd. completion to End Randy Peschel, and Texas scored moments later to take the lead. Then Defensive Back Tom Campbell picked off a Razorback pass to give Texas the game, a Cotton Bowl bid and the national championship.

Last week, Notre Dame jumped to a 10-0 lead in the second quarter when

Quarterback Joe Theismann flung a 54-yd. bomb to Receiver Tom (Gatewood) A grating battle followed. The Texas ground attack, which led the nation during the season with an average of 363 yds. per game, was pitted against the Irish front wall, which had allowed only 85.1 yds. per game. Behind Fullback Steve Worster, the Longhorns ground out two touchdowns on the glutinous turf to take a fourth-quarter lead. Then Theismann shot a 24-yd. touchdown pass to Halfback Jim Yoder to put the Irish back in front 17-14.

Texas had its replay ready to run. The Longhorns moved quickly upfield to the Irish 20, where it was fourth down with two yards to go. Rather than settle for a field goal and a probable tie, Coach Royal ordered a run. Halfback Ted Koy barely picked up the necessary yardage. Three plays later the Longhorns found themselves in precisely the same situation at the Notre Dame ten. This time Street rolled to his left and pitched a wobbly pass to Cotton Speyrer, who made a desperate diving catch at the two.

Royal's tough tactics paid off: two plays later Billy Dale rammed into the end zone for a touchdown with 68 sec.

remaining. After the kickoff, Theismann threw two quick passes to take the Irish to the Texas 38. His next toss, though, stuck to the Arkansas script: it was intercepted on the Longhorn 14 by none other than Campbell. Texas had won the Cotton Bowl and its 500th game. Afterward, Royal admitted, "I thought fleetingly about a field goal. But if a champion is going to go out, he ought to be carried out feet first."

Upsets Three

Even before last week's results were in, President Nixon personally presented the Longhorns with a plaque naming them the outstanding football team of 1969. The national pollsters agreed with the President—but a loud demurrer was filed by Penn State's Nittany Lions, who boasted the longest undefeated streak (29 games) in college football.

The Lions' pride was wounded again when hookies made them 33-point underdogs in the Orange Bowl against the high-powered Missouri Tigers (9-1). That was all Penn State and the Lions' voluble ringmaster, Joe Paterno, needed. "We're No. 1 as far as I'm concerned," said Paterno, and his boys made a sound case for his claim. They intercepted Tiger Quarterback Terry McMillan five times. When Missouri Coach Dan Devine sent in another pitcher, Chuck Roper, the Penn State secondary responded by intercepting two more throws for a record total of seven. Penn State Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt completed eleven passes for 187 yds. and a touchdown. Final score: Penn State 10, Missouri 3. Said Devine: "If I had to vote, I'd vote a tie between Penn State and Texas."

Artistic Brutality. What the other bowls lacked in national attention, they made up for in aerial artistry (Sugar, Mississippi v. Arkansas) and terrestrial brutality (Rose Southern Cal v. Michigan). In New Orleans, Quarterbacks Archie Manning of Ole Miss (7-3) and Bill Montgomery of Arkansas (9-1) played superlatively. Manning dashed 18 yds. for a first-quarter touchdown to give the Rebels a 14-0 edge, later heaved a 30-yd. touchdown pass to Vernon Studdard. Montgomery completed 17 out of 32 passes for 340 yds. and two touchdowns. The margin of victory was provided by Safety Glenn Cannon, who intercepted a pass in the end zone and halted a fourth-quarter Arkansas drive by recovering a fumble as Ole Miss finally won 27-22.

In Pasadena, before the largest crowd ever to witness a college game (103,878), Southern Cal (9-0-1) and Michigan (8-2) battered each other for 60 minutes. Although Michigan mounted its uncommonly rugged ground attack, Southern Cal's front five held in key situations. The lone touchdown came when Quarterback Jimmy Jones fired a strike to Bob Chandler, who shook off one tackler at the ten, sidestepped two other defenders and raced into the end zone to give U.S.C. a 10-3 victory.

THE PRESS

Stooping to Conquer

Fleet Street has not seen the likes of him since young Max Aitken (later Lord Beaverbrook) invaded Britain's newspaper scene more than half a century ago. There was, of course, the entry of a second Canadian in 1959. But Roy Thomson, at 65, was too old to provoke the image of an upstart interloper. Australian Rupert Murdoch has not only arrived at the same age as Aitken (37); he also shares—indeed, may even exceed—the Beaver's hustle.

Last January Murdoch gained control of the 6,130,000-circulation *News of the World*, a lurid Sunday paper, by outmaneuvering a bigger bidder, Czech-born Robert Maxwell. The deal prompted Maxwell to remark of Murdoch, "He has caught a big fish with a very small hook." Under Murdoch's direction the fish has grown even bigger, with circulation rising despite a price increase to 84¢ a copy. Last October, Murdoch acquired the dull but earnest daily *Sun* (circ.: 950,000) for a downpayment of \$120,000—considerably less than he paid for his house on London's fashionable Sussex Square. He relaunched the *Sun* as a tabloid in November and it now sells 1,325,000 copies a day.

Two Staples. Murdoch has raised the sales of both newspapers not by journalistic excellence or innovation but rather by stressing anew two staples of Fleet Street's so-called popular press, sex and sport. A major circulation builder for the *News of the World* was the serialization of Call Girl Christine Keeler's autobiography (*TIME*, Oct. 10). Murdoch's *Sun* dawned with a four-

page installment of Jacqueline Susann's mechanically randy novel, *The Love Machine*; the main front-page story concerned a trainer drugging race horses.

On Page One of the *Sun* and other London papers last week was the bizarre story of the disappearance of Mrs. Alick McKay, wife of a director of the *News of the World*. As police sought to establish whether she had been kidnapped, they were deluged with calls from clairvoyants and cranks. One anonymous letter concluded, "I will let Mrs. McKay go if the *News of the World* and the *Sun* publicly announce that they will not corrupt our kids any more by printing all that filth."

Sniffs, Chuckles. Reaction to the Murdoch mixture on Fleet Street, where the news a paper makes is sometimes more important than the news it prints, has ranged from raised eyebrows to winks. The conservative *Sunday Telegraph* sniffed at his stoop-to-conquer approach: "Be warned, Mr. Murdoch. The British are not all sheep, fit only for an Australian battor." A writer in the conservative *Spectator* chuckled: "All newspapers now are in for a lively time. The chips are down. You might even say the clothes are off too." The 4,925,000-circulation *Daily Mirror* sneered editorially at the *Sun*'s imitateness. In a reference to its come-stripping blonde of the '40s and '50s, the *Mirror* asked "Why not exhume Jane's great-grandmother? The old bitch would be flattered and she'd wear a miniskirt or see-through dress at the drop of a pair of knickers."

If Murdoch was offended by the *Mirror* snipe, it may have been only by its choice of language, he claims that he will not allow swearing in his papers. Murdoch is also fussy about appearance: he once rebuked a reporter for being overweight and an editor for wearing suede shoes. In that respect he is like his father, the late Sir Keith, an Australian news magnate who did not like his staff wearing sports jackets on weekdays.

Last week Murdoch was vacationing in Australia, where he started his career running two newspapers, inherited from Sir Keith in 1952. Today Murdoch's Australian interests include 14 newspapers (only one of which, the national *Australian*, strives for quality) twelve magazines, nine trade journals seven broadcasting outlets, a recording company and a travel agency. But London is his base now, and Fleet Street seems to be just his speed.

The Battle of Atlanta

The wonder is that it was ever the way it was. After all, a Chamber of Commerce publication is not expected to carry stories about racial problems, the rising local suicide rate or an attack on big time college athletics. Yet that is the kind of provocative material that *Atlanta* magazine has been publishing, par-



FORMER EDITOR LANGE
Losing over controversy.

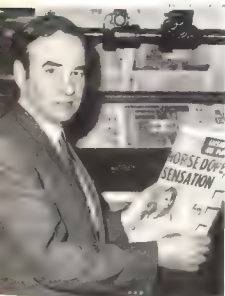
ticularly since Jack Lange became its editor in 1966.

Such content, along with imaginative layouts and some fine writing, helped to earn *Atlanta* (circ. 24,000) a reputation as the best Chamber of Commerce magazine in the nation, as well as one of the best so-called city magazines under any sponsorship. The same content last month cost Lange his job. It also led to the departure—either through dismissal or sympathetic resignation—of *Atlanta*'s managing editor, two staff writers and five contributors.

Their antagonist was Opie L. Shelton, executive vice president of the city's Chamber of Commerce and publisher of *Atlanta*. Despite pressure from Chamber members to change the monthly magazine's direction, Shelton had resisted intervening. But when he saw the December issue, he exploded over a piece of fiction called "The Swim to the Other Side of Bayou Vermillion."

Written under a pseudonym by a Catholic priest, it is a rambling, disjointed story about two boys in the Louisiana Cajun country that includes homosexual episodes more vague than vivid. But Shelton found the story "pornographic" and unsuitable for *Atlanta*. "I regard its appearing there," he explained, "the way I would have if one of my daughters had been violated."

Shelton started firing, and others started quitting. Last week Lange was sacked, losing \$1,000,000 to launch a new regional magazine. *Atlanta* had a new editor, Norman Shavin, who agrees with Shelton that the magazine needs more "balance." Which seems to mean that the old, controversial *Atlanta* is dead. If so, its obituary might borrow a phrase from Publisher Shelton, who feared it had become "an anti-establishment magazine published in the bosom of the Establishment."



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le Bon voyage

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Suites des executives

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Clubs exclusifs

If you enjoy a good meeting of the minds in an intimate moneyed atmosphere, there are a number of private clubs for you to frequent. Jockey Club 2, rue Rabelais. Unfortunately there has not been one new name added to its membership in fifty years. That doesn't mean you can't enjoy an evening as someone's guest. L'Automobile Club de France 6, Place de la Concorde. This is a club for your own kind, V.I.P.'s from industry, the stock exchange and commerce use the superb facilities which include swimming pool, gym, sports room, library, restaurant and cinema. Nouveau Cercle des Capucines 6, 110, des Capucines. A very smart gambling club catering to

very smart businessmen: you must be introduced by two members. The bank is open. Le Grand Cercle 12, rue de Presbourg. Another pleasant gambling club with a charming restaurant that overlooks the Place de l'Étoile. Games include poker, écarté, chemin de fer, gin rummy and belote. And, for you, the bank is open.

Voire banque

One of the first things you'll want to do in Paris is to familiarize yourself with the branch of whatever bank you like to do business with. In Paris, banks are generally open between 9:30 a.m. and noon and between 2 and 4 p.m. American Express 11, rue Scribe. Bank of America 28, Place Vendôme. Banque de France 39, rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs. Barclays Bank Ltd 33, rue du 4-Septembre. First National City Bank 60, ave des Champs-Élysées. Lloyds Bank Ltd 43, bld. des Capucines. Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. 14, Place Vendôme.

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Vocabulaire

bank: banque
banker: banquier
bank note: billet de banque
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**AIR
FRANCE**
le bon voyage.

Man for All Seasons: A Bruegel Calendar

If there is a still point in the turning seasons, it is probably about now. Astronomers put it sooner—when the sun starts north, but before Christmas Gardeners might date it later on, when the ground begins to thaw. But since 45 B.C., most people have gone along with Julius Caesar, who with more psychological insight than astronomical accuracy placed it at the day now called January 1.

No man observed the revolving seasons more intently than the painter known to posterity as Pieter Bruegel the Elder. He died just 400 years ago in Brussels. His death was attended by due ceremony and the admiration of his peers. But few of them recognized that the world had lost its first major, and arguably the best, landscape painter in all history. Artists before him, in other centuries and other countries, came out of the countryside to paint vignettes of their memories, almost obsequiously, in the background of their portraits of princes or courtiers, martyrs or saints. Bruegel made the unprideful countryside central, something that was not merely an area for foreground drama but was itself an event.

Irreplaceable Treasures

About 40 of his paintings survive, and though the anniversary of his death was widely memorialized, no major exhibition was mounted, for the simple reason that few if any curators cared to risk the loan and shipping of such irreplaceable treasures. Among the best are a series of *The Seasons* originally commissioned by a Brussels merchant. Only five survive, and these have been dispersed. As a memorial to Bruegel—and to year's end and year's beginning—*TIME* here presents four of these paintings. The originals are each roughly 4 ft. by 5 ft. But Bruegel's fabulous command of scale made every small part a picture in itself. In the following pages half a dozen details—chosen by Author-Critic Alexander Eliot after a long study of the paintings in Vienna and Prague—are reproduced in exactly the size they take up in the original paintings. They are in themselves landscapes many a lesser painter would be proud to sign.

Bruegel makes one peer down through winter dusk like some half-frozen bird upon the wing. He gives the March floods room to rise, roaring about the dikes of Flanders in time of carnival and willow pruning on the dark, hard-budded land. He shows the earth veiled in blue boundlessness at haying time. Then in the fall comes the sacrifice of her apples, her grapes and human fruits as well. The herd plods home. A body dangles from a gibbet on a hill. Reality was his subject, and truth his object. Yet these paintings are not finically meticulous, as are those of Burgundian miniaturists. Rather, they are painted with a panache and freedom that, centuries later, the Impressionists were to rediscover.

Very little is known of Bruegel the man. The only factual account of him is a lighthearted sketch by Carel van Mander ("the Vasari of the North"), published 35 years after Bruegel's death: "In a wonderful manner, Nature found and seized the man who in his turn was destined to seize her so magnificently, when in an obscure village in Brabant she chose from among the peasants, as the delineator of peas-

ants, the witty and gifted Pieter Brueghel." It is perhaps a measure of Van Mander's accuracy that he does not even spell the name right—the artist signed his paintings "Bruegel."

Chances are that Bruegel's "peasant" parents had some land and a little money of their own. Otherwise, how could they have apprenticed their son at an early age to the Brussels painter Pieter Coeck van Aelst? Later, in his early 20s, Bruegel sought his fortune at Antwerp, and was hired by Publisher-Tycoon Hieronymus Cock. In those days Antwerp had more artists than butchers, and the artists worked very largely for reproduction. At Cock's "Four Winds," the trade was in ideas, packaged as engraved art copies, maps, battle scenes, Bible illustrations, scientific charts and almanacs. For a start, Cock made a picture journalist of him. He was packed off for a year in Italy, under instructions to draw castles, cities, mountains, rivers, navies—everything, in fact, which might later be turned into woodcuts for armchair travelers.

On his return from Italy, Bruegel settled in for a stint of ten years or so at the Four Winds. He prepared his Italian portfolio for reproduction, and made line copies of other men's masterworks. He was fascinated by his great predecessor, Hieronymus Bosch, and went on to invent original drawings that conformed to Bosch's nightmare mode. Bruegel still did his own legwork. He strolled outside the walls to study the simple facts of the fields things he had half forgotten, such as how a harness a farm horse. Back at the office, as it were, he produced to order pictures of monstrous fish, beasts, tortments, follies, crowds, high seas, Lowland games, crowds, criminals, armed men.

In those years the Lowlands were turning Protestant and started their tremendous struggle to throw off the yoke of Catholic Spain. King Philip put Margaret of Parma and the infamous Cardinal Granvelle and later the Duke of Alba in charge of stamping out the sparks of revolt. Heretics were made to die as horribly as possible in Antwerp's cobbled squares. All intellectuals who lacked connections with church and crown came under suspicion. The great cartographer Ortelius, who had been Bruegel's comrade, fled to England. Bruegel himself retired from the Four Winds and moved to Brussels, the official capital. There, for the first time, he devoted himself fully to his own painting. In 1563, he married the daughter of his first teacher. Two boys (both painters, Jan and Pieter the Younger) came of that marriage. But a mere six years after his wedding, Bruegel died. No one knows how. He was not much past 40 at the time.

Oak—for a Start

Even in his own day, Bruegel must have been considered a superb technician, capable of representing anything. Foreground details exist down to the last bramble on a bush, while in the distance a minuscule brush stroke may distinctly show a man walking or working underneath a tree. Bruegel began with ships' timbers of seasoned oak. He set the planks edge to edge, smoothed them, and then brushed on a white gesso base. He drew his composition on the gesso in gray chalk. That done, he would start painting in

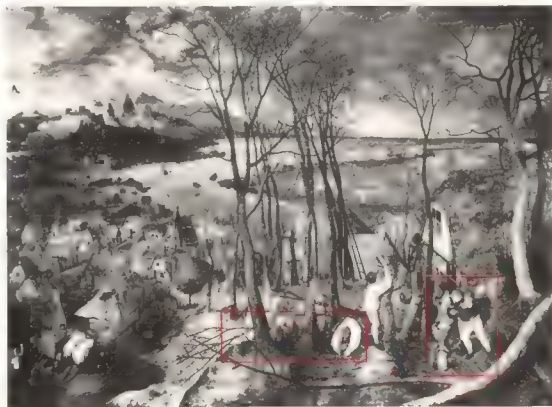


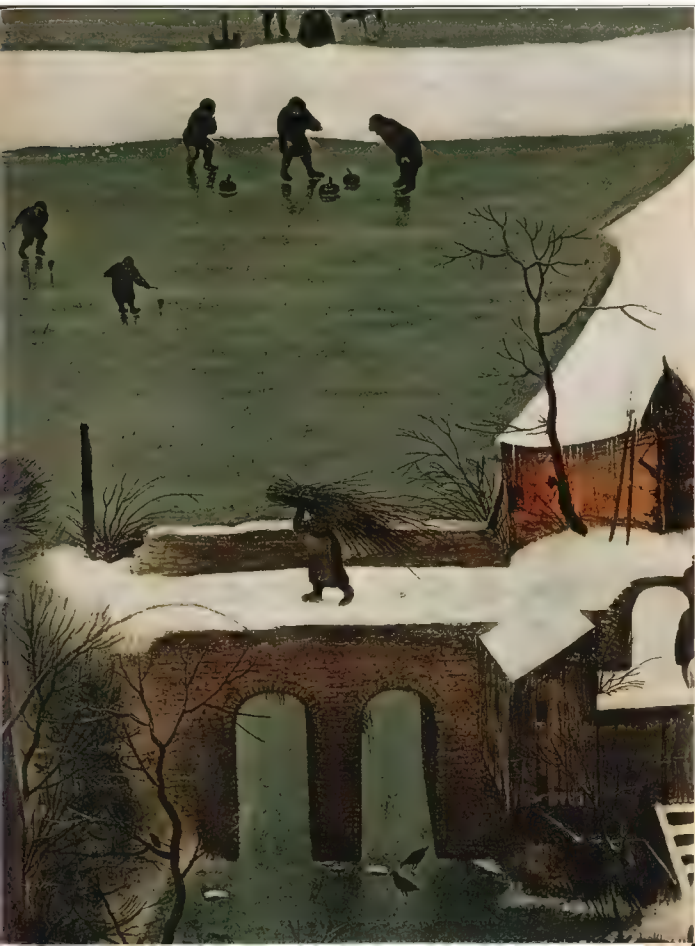
BRUEGEL BY GALLE

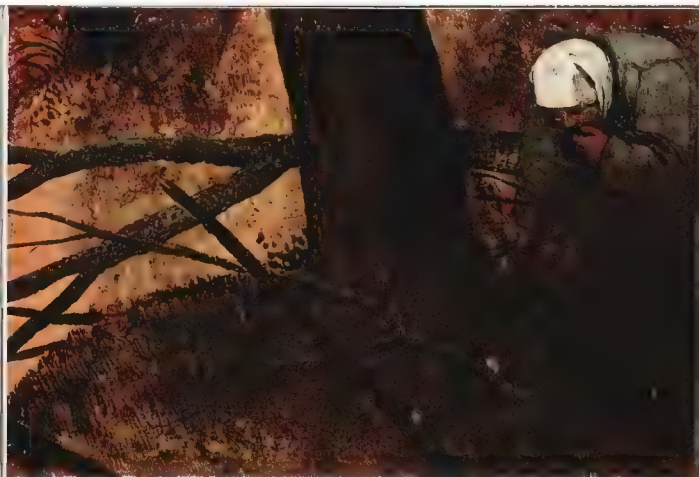


WINTER "HUNTERS IN THE SNOW"

SPRING "THE DARK DAY"

















SUMMER HAYMAKING

FALL "RETURN OF THE HERD"



egg tempera, thinly and swiftly. His first layers of color, though, often bore no overt relation to the effect in his mind. Ice, for example, might be lemon-yellow at the start. Blue oil glazes floated over it would freeze the ice to green. And after that, translucent gray watercolor touches, softly laid, would set the ice flat in its fields of snow.

Some scholars believe Bruegel had no interest in or involvement with religion and politics. What prompts them, perhaps, is an unspoken feeling that "artists should be above" such touchy matters. The visual evidence is overwhelming, though, that Bruegel did involve himself. This is not to say that he was a Protestant, or even a devout Christian. Was he a patriotic Lowlander unalterably opposed to Spanish rule? Nobody knows. Bruegel's religious and political paintings simply point to things manifestly horrible and wrong in his own age—and every age.

Bruegel's most overtly political pictures are disguised by their ostensible subjects. *The Massacre of the Innocents*, *The Sermon of Saint John the Baptist*, *The Road to Calvary*, and *The Conversion of Saint Paul*. Safe themes—but not as handled by Bruegel. He rumbled the terrible urgency of the Bible, like a siege tower, straight up against contemporary walls. *His Massacre*, for instance, takes place in a Flemish village of his own day.

Walloon redcoats butcher baby after baby on the shining snow. Mothers and fathers pray, scream, struggle and reach out in vain. Spain's notorious "Edict of Blood" is fulfilled before our eyes.

Ageless and Immediate

As a matter of fact, all Bruegel's art concerns itself with the changeless and the immediate at the same time. His *Dulle Griet* is nightmare, which presides, now and forever, in cellars of human sleep. He painted *The Tower of Babel* as an allegory of old Antwerp, but young Manhattan's towers might as well have been meant. *Two Monkeys* may be seen as just a humanist's sympathy for the misery of chained animals—or as a symbolist's protest against the plight of the Flemish provinces under the rule of Spain.

The same combination of the immediate and the eternal is seen in his *Seasons*. His calendar series shows mankind busy but small, in true proportion to the all-embracing land. In fact, these pictures seem to pull the sky around one like a canopy. One's gaze penetrates the concrete actuality, mere paint on planks, to enter space more vast than any gallery. Yet the space is not merely visual but emotional. Like T. S. Eliot, Bruegel seems to ask whether it would be worthwhile

To have squeezed the universe into a ball

To roll it towards some overwhelming question

What means *Hunters in the Snow*, for example? Sigmund Freud once remarked that every dream is a kind of picture puzzle. Bruegel liked puzzles too. More so than answers. A sort of bemusement, not too hopeful, may be the best mood in which to reach for what he meant.

In the foreground, weary pikemen trudge downhill with their discouraged hounds. One man carries a dead fox, symbolically, perhaps. The rebel emblem was a foxtail. But then again, fox pelts are thickest and glossiest in winter, that is the time to take them, hunters say. In the middle distance, a house burns out. Neighbors come running with buckets and ladders, trying to help. However, the whole earth is cold, like a dead body in its winding sheet of snow. The water mill hangs stiff with icicles. The rivers wait, as if struck by some icy thought. A woman with fagots on her head hurries across a bridge (see detail, page 53). Upon the ice, the pol-

ished green crust of earth's secret blood some skate, others spin tops, and still others play at curling, with faint cries.

Cries? But a painting is silent. Still, anyone who waits and peers about this silence long enough will hear the cries. Also the dogs whining. Such small magics are easier to come by than significance.

With *The Dark Day*, winter breaks up. Cold rain pelts the earth awake. A savage squall attacks the dike. The ships at their moorings, and also the ships that try to run for open sea, are wrecked. A seagull tosses on black-tipped wings against the leaden sky.

Yet near at hand is no disaster. People keep busy, and perhaps cheerful. In a sheltered corner between two carts and an inn wall, somebody is playing a fiddle. Higher up the hillside a man and a woman stoop low over the dark earth, bundling willow shoots to make baskets (see detail, pages 54-55). A child in a crescent crown carries a lamp. His mother leans like a crumpled moon above him. His father dances, drunkenly perhaps, clutching what seems to be pipes of Pan. But they are waffles, baked at carnival time (see detail, page 56).

Man's hope appears to balance, blindfold and invisible, upon a shaky raft. Something of that sort, surely, is implied by the accumulation of incidents in Bruegel's *Dark*

Day. But there is realism in it too. That foreground bank of earth, where the peasants work, somehow seems much earthier than any other in world art.

Sun Cattle

Haymaking, at Prague, continues Bruegel's calendar series into early summer. Here three foreground figures—farm women this time—may be simply three women on the way to the fields (see detail, page 57). But they might also be the Maid, Mother and Crone of mythology. The people carrying baskets of cherries move round and down like planets—or automations on a town clock. In the distance at right, a sailboat drops downriver toward the gleaming sea (see detail, pages 54-55). "The journey is not ended," a Flem-

ish proverb says, "even after church and tower have been recognized."

As for *The Return of the Herd* (see detail, page 58), one hears it first of all. Not only the lowing of cattle in the last weary rays of an autumn afternoon, but also the squish of mud beneath their hoofs and the crows' jeering overhead. The cattle are coming down from their mountain pastures. Most will be slaughtered, but a lucky few may winter with their masters in out of the wind. Beyond, and below, the last of the grapes are being gathered. Dionysus, god of wine, once stole the cattle of the sun. A castle gleams like teeth in the jawbone of an immense cavern. The cold winds will be howling soon in that mountain mouth.

No one can analyze a Bruegel very far. He has arranged things differently. He does invite one to pause long; to bend and peer out at the world again in unaccustomed ways. His art asserts itself by very slow degrees. First comes sensuous enjoyment, for he veils each image in the most extraordinary counterfeits of nature. Second come observation, characterization, storytelling—things to notice, in a word. So much so that each of his pictures takes hours to explore. The third and final stage of studying a Bruegel, though, comes when one turns away. For the painting remains in one's mind as experience. One begins to relive what he has given, and only then to recognize it as enduring truth.

"What is truth?" The painter, staring, pauses long for his reply. Pieter Bruegel, especially, waits and wonders. There is no hurry; the truth is nothing if not true tomorrow too. He lifts his narrow brush and makes a line. It is a mile-long road that rounds a bend into infinity.



"TWO MONKEYS" BY BRUEGEL

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Which one of these drivers should lose his license?

Whatever your answer, it's unfair. Just as unfair as our question.

Because when it comes to taking away a man's license, it's not how he looks that counts but how he drives. And our picture just doesn't tell you that.

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If appearance is no clue in spotting drivers who should lose their licenses, how can you—or even a traffic patrolman—spot the drivers who have lost their licenses, yet still continue to drive?

Because they do, you know. As many as 68% of them, according to one study.

And what about the driver who, by law, is supposed to wear glasses but doesn't? How do you spot him?

Or the repeat traffic violator—a driver so dangerous, his chances of having an accident are something like 600% higher than everybody else's?

Or the alcoholic? Not the ex-alcoholic, but the now alcoholic. The driver who represents fewer than 4% of all drivers, but who's involved in nearly 50% of all traffic deaths.

How do we spot these dangerous, but anonymous, drivers? How do we get them off our roads before they kill somebody?

We honestly don't know. The problem is so complex it needs a lot more study.

But we do feel that a good first step is to have each state adopt the National Highway Safety Standards.

Because right now the laws of many states make it too easy for dangerous drivers to find a way to keep driving.

But like a first step, adoption of the National Highway Safety Standards is the hardest. And it may not happen unless your legislator knows he has your support.

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YET BETTER TASTE!



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*According to latest U.S. Government figures.

THE THEATER

Lough Orgy

Of all the theatrical jesters in the U.S., Neil Simon is king. His latest comedy, *Lost of the Red Hot Lovers*, is just what one might expect... a laugh orgy. But to analyze the source of laughter is more difficult than spotting a neurosis, though the two may well be related.

Ethnically, Simon's humor is Jewish, though not in the sense of dialect or in jokes. He is a master of the self-protective, self-deprecating put-down. One makes a clown of oneself before anyone else does it. Nationally, Simon is as American as surly waiters and defective appliances. His humor is the distilled hangover of the American dream.

Ever since *The Odd Couple* he has been probing the failure of one specific dream, the American marriage in the middle years. When did the stardust turn to soot? Barney Cashman (James Coco), a seafood restaurateur, doesn't know. Forty-seven years old and polygamous, he has spent 23 years in rectitudinous monogamy. He not only feels that life is passing him by, but also that death is relentlessly creeping up on him. He decides to have a love affair. The first girl (Linda Lavin) invited to his mother's vacant apartment is married, but she seems to count every minute out of the sack as if she were a conspicuous mathematician. Her terminal smoker's cough is a comic fringe benefit. Would-be playgirl No. 2 is a kooky pot smoking actress (Marcia Rodd), and No. 3 is Coco's wife's best friend (Doris Roberts), a moralizing Xerox copy of the Mrs.

Like Molière, Coco never makes it with any of them, partly because he has no more agility for adultery than he would for tennis, and partly because he is a thoroughly decent man whose conscience renders him virtually impotent. Behind the laughs lies Simon's most serious play. In some peculiar way, comedy is no laughing matter. It is remarkably moral. It hopes to reform by ridicule. While it may seem like a strange thing to say, the only proper forebear of Neil Simon would be someone like Molière. This is the kind of playwright who peppers the society's precepts with a stinging humor. In his later plays Simon is saying a dead-serious thing—that the Judeo-Christian ethic as applied to a husband-and-wife relationship is bankrupt. Men and women are supposed to be true to one another until death do them part, but that is not what happens. However, Simon is not sufficiently perceptive or honest when he suggests that adultery is some sort of casual byplay. Adultery is either revenge or renaissance, and it is usually a coroner's report on a marriage.

Simon ought to risk more seriousness. The wine of wisdom is in him, and he ought to let it breathe longer between the gags.

SHOW BUSINESS



LAVIN & COCO IN "LOVERS"
Waiting for the stars.

Adventures of the Fat Man

Time was, not so long ago, when to be fat, balding, unmarried and in your late 30s was to be scorned by strangers, pitted by the family and ridiculed by friends of friends. Not any more. Not, that is, if you are James Coco, a fat, balding, bachelor of 39 who opened to rave notices last week as Barney Cashman in *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, Neil Simon's latest smash.

He bounces around onstage as a middle-aged New Yorker containing a wistful screaming to be let out. Mostly he resembles an overweight wrestling coach, or the boy next door who ate too much of too many Sunday dinners. "I come from an old-fashioned Italian family where we used to sit down for Sunday dinner at 2 and get up at 7." Which explains the 250 lbs. spread over his 5-ft. 10-in. frame. What it does not explain is how a nice, fat Italian boy from The Bronx became an overnight success on Broadway after 22 years of trying.

Flop After Flop. "I used to stand around the Strand Theater," Coco told TIME Reporter Mary Cronin, "waiting for the stars to give me their autographs. Mom and Pop could never understand it." Pop was Felice Coco, a shoemaker, James shined shoes and generally had "a really dull childhood." At 17 he joined a children's theater and toured for three years playing Old King Cole and Hans Brinker for \$40 a week. From there it was years and years of summer-stock stints, auditioning, studying and touring. Finally, he started on TV commercials. Most of his fans know him as Willy the Plumber in the Drano TV spots.

Coco spent many lean years in New York "living in \$8-a-week rooms on

West 57th Street and appearing in one flop after another." In between were "all the cliché jobs actors do for money. I sold tops at Gimbel's, was a waiter at a milk bar under Grand Central Station." Meanwhile, he was acting (six Broadway shows, 25 off-Broadway), collecting two Obies for off-Broadway performances (*The Moon in the Yellow River* and *Fragments*), and being entirely forgotten by audiences and casting directors when his shows were over.

Next came *Next*, a play written for him by his friend Terrence McNally. Elaine May directed Coco in a straw-hat production, admired it and him, and brought both to New York. Who should see it in New York but Neil Simon, with one act of *Lovers* already written. After he saw Coco, Simon wrote the other two acts with him in mind.

Overnight Success. Luck? Talent? Both—as well as patience. "What other business in the world would you be in for over two decades and not even have a watch to show for it?" Coco asks. "Do I consider myself a success? Yes. Yes I'm a huge, tremendous, enormous success. In fact, I may start a whole new Fat Man trend." For Coco, newfound success manifests itself in such niceties as a chauffeured limousine and the three-quarters of a million-dollar advance sale for *Lovers*. He also has a major role in Otto Preminger's *Tell Me That You Love Me*, *Junie Moon*, plus an offer to do the movie version of Jimmy Breslin's Mafia comedy, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. He has even hired a money manager—"The same one Neil Simon has. I can't go wrong there, can I?"

One thing that he will not do, however, is move from his three-room Greenwich Village apartment. All his friends live on his block, he says—Terrence McNally, Paddy Chayefsky, Robert Drivas, the actor, and Playwright Israel Horowitz. "We get together once a week to play poker. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else." Which sounds about as Barney Cashman as a guy can get and still be James Coco.

Neil Simon: Hilarity All the Way to the Bank

The success of Playwright Neil Simon is not only incredible, it is awe-inspiring. He is only 42; yet his string of Broadway hits runs like a theatrical *What's What*. Come Blow Your Horn (1961), *Little Me* (1962), *Barefoot in the Park* (1963), *The Odd Couple* (1965), *Sweet Charity* (1966), *The Star-Spangled Girl* (1966), *Plaza Suite* (1968), *Promises, Promises* (1968) and *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* (1969). And now *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* has joined *Plaza* and *Promises* to give him three shows running simultaneously on Broadway.

And the money he has made, is mak-

ing and stands to make is enough to prompt the Bank of America to build a memorial wing and name it after him. *Variety* estimates that in 1970 his gross income will reach a high of \$45,000 per week, which comes to a cozy \$2,300,000 a year. That estimate does not include film sales or screen-writing fees for adapting his plays.

Weekly royalties from two companies of *Plaza Suite* (one in New York, one touring) come to \$6,000, according to *Variety*. And since the \$118,000 investment in *Plaza* is all his, he gets a weekly profit of \$3,000 in addition to royalties. He also demonstrated sublime self-confidence by financing *Lovers*, for \$150,000, which could be paid off in ten weeks or so. Until then, it will bring him about \$5,700 per week in royalties. Since he owns the Eugene O'Neill Theater, where the show is playing, he will receive the theater's share of profits. Thus, *Variety* figures, his *Lovers* take could be as high as \$30,000 a week. And *Promises* brings him a weekly \$4,000, while the London company is worth an extra \$1,000 a week to him.

All of which means that Neil Simon is one of the most productive, prolific and profit-making playwrights in American history. Which is no joke to a guy whose first show-business job was in the Warner Bros. mail room for \$30 a week. Through it all, Simon has been more than modest. "Money is no longer a major factor of life," Simon says simply, and without fear of contradiction. "I work to keep busy and because I enjoy the work." Who wouldn't?



PLAYWRIGHT NEIL SIMON
He even owns the theater.

BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Stirrings from the New Left

The spirit of radical protest that has been sweeping the U.S. academic community has been late in showing itself among economists. Last week it finally surfaced at the Manhattan convention of the American Economic Association. As protests go, this one was rather decorous. A group of young dissenters pushed its way onto the speakers' platform at the A.E.A.'s full membership meeting despite efforts by outnumbered private guards to block the intrusion. Though ruled out of order by the meeting's chairman, the radicals denounced their more conservative colleagues as "sycophants of inequality, destruction of environment, imperialism, racism and the subjugation of women."

Otherwise, the radicals did not disrupt the A.E.A. meetings. Instead, they concentrated on holding a "counterconvention"—in a room thoughtfully set aside for them at the New York Hilton by the A.E.A.—at which they explained their ideas to whomever they could persuade to attend.

Cautious as it was, the counterconvention did serve to introduce older members of the profession to the Union for Radical Political Economics, or URPE. It was formed in 1968 and now has 1,000 members, mostly university instructors in their late 20s or early 30s. They are difficult to classify according to political spectrum. They are not Marxists, although they accept Marx's idea that change can only be brought about through social conflict; they are not classical economists, although they use some methods of standard economic analysis. For example, Samuel Bowles, an assistant economics professor at Harvard and the son of Chester Bowles, the former U.S. Ambassador to India, has done what even conservative colleagues call a first-rate statistical analysis indicating that increased schooling helps the sons of the rich more than the sons of the poor.

Goods or Bads? The spirit of the radicals' dissent is New Left, so that they contend that the capitalist system is fundamentally bad and should be replaced by something else. "We would like to know if it is possible to run an economic system on something other than greed," says James Weaver, professor of economics at Washington's American University. But they readily admit that they do not have any clear idea of what the something else might be. For the moment, they are able only to question and criticize. Nevertheless, they try to make a virtue out of the fact that they have no program for reform. "Which do you care more about," asked Stephan Michelson, research fellow in economics at Harvard, at the AEA meeting, "who is asking the right ques-



GINT

Concern about social ills.

tions, or who has found answers to the wrong ones?"

URPE members' chief complaint against traditional economists is that they assume that acquisition of more products makes people happy, and therefore focus on how to achieve the highest possible production of goods. This view resembles the opinion of Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith—who has promised to try to find the radicals more research money—but URPE members put it in more extreme form. Says Weaver, "I do not call them goods. I

call them bads." Concentration on economic growth, the radicals contend, has led economists to ignore such problems as pollution, racial inequality and the growth of an education system that, in their view, serves mostly to turn out obedient employees for business. The radicals feel that these should be central concerns of economists, because they view social ills as the inescapable outcome of an economic system in which the individual's main role in life is as a producer or consumer of goods. Though their analyses are framed mostly as denunciations of "capitalism," some radicals like Herbert Gintis, Harvard lecturer in economics, are careful to state that some of the evils they attack can be expected to occur in any "bureaucratic" industrial society—specifically including the Soviet Union.

Samuelson Revised. Many economists over 30 feel that the radicals confuse the effects of dubious government policies with the fundamentals of the U.S. economic system. There is, for example, no need to disrupt the U.S. commitment to competition in order to end pollution of the air, water and land. Government has simply failed to perform its most basic task: acting as referee between the conflicting interests of various groups. Still, the radicals have won respectful attention from some conventional economists.

"We have lost sight of values in economics," says Economist John Coleman, president of Haverford College. "They are bringing values into the classroom." One striking response to the radicals' demand for "relevance" involves M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson. In the latest revision of his almost universally used college economics textbook, Samuelson is giving new emphasis to such problems as pollution, the military-industrial complex and racial discrimination.

OPINION

Is Black Capitalism a Mistake?

The Nixon Administration's effort to foster black capitalism has not yet resulted in the establishment of many Negro businesses. Critics have generally faulted the Administration for failing to provide a coordinated program of loans and other help to would-be black entrepreneurs. Actually, the difficulty may be much more fundamental. Last week in Manhattan the nation's most prominent black economist contended that encouraging Negro-owned business in city ghettos is a mistaken strategy for promoting racial equality.

Andrew Brimmer, a governor of the Federal Reserve System and a former Assistant Secretary of Commerce, offered his view in a paper presented to the American Economic Association. He argued that black-owned businesses tend to be small, precariously financed beau-



BOWLES

But no program for reform.

ty parlors, food stores, and other personal-service or retail establishments catering to a poor market. Most of them owe their existence largely to residential segregation, said Brimmer. Negroes have dim prospects of founding businesses that can compete with white-owned establishments for a broader market, he said, and even in serving Negroes they will have increasing trouble competing with national firms that are showing a new interest in the Negro consumer.

"Self-employment is a rather rapidly declining factor in our modern economy," Brimmer said. "For the great majority of the Negro population it offers a low and rather risky payoff." If many more Negro-owned businesses are formed, warned Brimmer, they "would certainly be more prone to failure than already established firms, and their failures would leave a lasting burden on the individuals starting these firms. Moreover, he argued, "the pursuit of

shown substantial increases. The trend has even affected holiday celebrations. Last week the fastest-moving item in many U.S. liquor outlets was Cold Duck,* a mixture of domestic sparkling burgundy and champagne that generally sells for from \$2 to \$3 a fifth compared with about \$5 for domestic vintage champagne.

The nation's thirst for Cold Duck began to rise last August. The product's popularity quickly spread from California to Washington, D.C., Chicago and New York, from downtown to affluent suburbs. Last week some New Jersey stores ran out of the concoction entirely. Whether they were moved by the fad or frugality, New Year's revelers decided that Cold Duck was just the tippie with which to see out the inflationary old year and toast in the uncertain new one.

Bare Cupboard

Ordinarily, David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank and a centimillionaire in his own right, would expect to have no trouble at all negotiating a loan from his friendly neighborhood banker. Or so it was assumed in 1967 when Rockefeller and a group of associates privately embarked on a plan to build "Rockefeller Center West"—a \$150 million redevelopment project in downtown San Francisco. Last week Rockefeller notified the city that he had been unable to raise enough money to begin work on the nucleus of the project, a \$30 million, 16-story hotel. At an interest rate of more than 10%, the lowest that the Rockefeller group could get, the hotel would be unprofitable. San Francisco's redevelopment agency gave Rockefeller an extra six months to try to arrange a loan at a lower rate.

ADVERTISING

Selling the Smell

Manufacturers have long known that odor can be a powerful inducement to buy a product. Yet advertising men, finding smell too elusive a sensation to depict in words or pictures, tend to concentrate on the more easily communicated qualities of the goods that they tout. Now a process called "micro-encapsulation" is opening a promising new dimension for advertising by enabling readers to sniff a product's aroma on the printed page.

In recent months, scented advertisements for such products as Fleischmann's Gin, Gillette's Foamy Surf-Shaving Cream, and Carven Parfums' *Ma Griffe* have been published in half a dozen magazines. The first newspaper ads using the process will appear this month. Because of extra production costs, a micro-fragrance ad often

doubles the ordinary price for advertising. Still, Reach McCClinton's Robert Jaffe, an account executive for *Ma Griffe* perfume, which ran a micro-fragrance ad in four women's magazines, maintains that the impact makes the high cost worthwhile. "You are putting before the consumer what you're selling," he says, "and what we are selling is smell."

Efforts to find a practical way to add odors to advertisements have been going on for years. Scented ink was tried in newspapers in the '50s, but the fragrance dissipated too rapidly. The present process is supplied by only two companies, National Cash Register and Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, and the competition between them has spread from the marketplace to the courts. NCR, which claims that it developed the micro method first, has filed a patent-infringement suit against 3M. Minnesota Mining extracts a product's aromatic oils to duplicate the product's



FEDERAL RESERVE'S BRIMMER
A low and risky payoff.

black capitalism may retard the Negro's economic advancement" by distracting attention from programs that would really help blacks and discouraging Negroes from "full participation in the national economy." What Negroes need, Brimmer counseled, is more jobs as salaried managers or as craftsmen for major companies, where they would have the capital resources of the national community behind them.

INFLATION NOTES

Cold Duck

Squeezed by the fast-rising cost of living, U.S. consumers are turning to cheaper models, thrift-type goods and do-it-yourself repairs on their homes and autos. In a sluggish retail market, sales of retread tires, home-barbering kits and sewing machines have lately

* A literal translation of a German pun. At the end of a party, guests usually mixed the leftover wines, called the occasion *Kulte Ende* or "cold ends." Soon the phrase became *Kulte Ester*, or Cold Duck.



MICRO FRAGRANCE ADVERTISEMENT
A promising new dimension.

scent. The essences are enclosed in microscopic plastic bubbles, a million to a square inch. The capsules are coated on a paper strip, which is cut to size and affixed to each advertisement. A fingernail scratch ruptures the bubbles and releases the fragrance. NCR's technique allows fragrances to be applied directly to published ads, eliminating the paper strips.

So far, 3M has developed about 100 aromas, including those of bananas and bourbon, dill pickles and roses, pine trees and orange juice. Officials at 3M and NCR envision a multimillion-dollar market for their process. For example, both companies are already studying the possibilities of attaching micro-fragrance strips to packages and cans of food. If the idea catches on, food shopping could become a nasal adventure.

The Midas of Mutual Funds

At Geneva's new air terminal, the scene is a recurrent attraction: a bald and stubby executive clad in a red-lined cape and a Pierre Cardin jacket buttoned to the chin clambers from a custom-built black Lincoln Continental. With him comes an eyebrow-raising entourage: one male aide and four miniskirted lassies of Playboy pulchritude. The normally expressionless Swiss faces at the ticket counter light up with half-amused, half-respectful recognition, "It's Bernie," whispers a Swissair hostess to a new colleague. Taking at least two of his curvaceous companions with him, Bernie quickly boards his private Mystère jet. His destination: a London (or sometimes Paris) business appointment for which he is characteristically, two hours late.

AONETIME poor boy from Brooklyn, 5-ft. 5-in. Bernard Cornfeld causes quite a stir in almost everything he does. Despite the persistent antagonism of conservative European money men, some foreign governments and the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, he has built his Investors Overseas Services into one of the 20th century's great financial empires. Geneva-based I.O.S. has prospered primarily by selling mutual funds outside the U.S., and Cornfeld has proved himself to be a master salesman. Today he manages some \$2.2 billion of other people's money, and his personal fortune amounts to about \$140 million. Still a bachelor at 42, Cornfeld is a bizarre figure, part Peter Pan and part Midas. His days and nights are packed with people, planes, horses, telephone calls, travel and parties. Everywhere he goes, even to address staid bankers, some of his girls accompany him. Cornfeld is ordinarily as mild-mannered and soft-spoken as a shoe clerk, but he can break abruptly into profane rages. His informality prompts all of his employees to call him Bernie. But Cornfeld's financial trailblazing has altered the investment climate of Europe and helped hundreds of thousands of ordinary citizens (and perhaps a few crooks as well) to acquire a larger stake in the capitalist economies of the free world.

High-Voltage Sales. Cornfeld started I.O.S. 14 years ago as a one-man firm in a Paris flat. Today it has grown into the world's largest financial sales organization, with 16,000 salesmen and 800,000 clients in 110 countries. Despite the natural resistance created by falling stock and mutual-fund prices, the high-voltage organization last year almost doubled its sales, to \$3.1 billion. Just under \$1 billion in cash flowed into the company's coffers. I.O.S. not only manages eleven mutual funds of its own but has spread into almost every major field of finance. It owns or controls six insurance companies, a dozen

banks and finance firms scattered from Italy to the Netherlands Antilles, real estate subsidiaries selling condominium apartments in Spain and Florida, even a small computer outfit and a financial publishing company.

Cornfeld always moves fast—critics might say too fast—but during 1969 he topped his own expansion records. He launched two big new international investment companies, the go-go I.O.S. Venture Fund (assets \$170 million) and Investment Properties International, a real estate development concern that is



BERNIE CORNFELD

Style that a maharaja could envy.

starting a chain of luxury resort hotels in Jamaica, Mexico and Portugal. He spread into Australia, France and Sweden with "national" mutual funds—funds that invest some or all of their assets in local projects in order to overcome government reluctance to let their citizens send money abroad. Last week, in another precedent-breaking move, I.O.S. began offering its mutual-fund clients insurance against the possibility that in a stock market slump the value of their shares may drop below what they paid for them.

Dime a Week. Even as a youngster, Cornfeld showed some of the hustle that has become a major ingredient of I.O.S.'s success. He was born in Istanbul to a Rumanian father and Russian mother, who brought him to the U.S. when he was four. Growing up in

Brooklyn during the Depression, with a 10¢-a-week allowance, Bernie worked nights and weekends to earn trolley fare to school. Later he attended tuition-free Brooklyn College, where he turned socialist and gathered thousands of signatures on Norman Thomas-for-President petitions in 1948. After taking a master's degree at Columbia and spending a year as a social worker in Philadelphia he became a full-time mutual-fund salesman. His performance, Cornfeld readily concedes was mediocre.

The turning point came in 1955 when he took a vacation in Europe and decided to stay. It was virgin territory for mutual funds, and Cornfeld soon realized that investments in U.S. securities could be sold to great numbers of Europeans who had hitherto put most of their money into land or bank accounts. To avoid the risk of picking stocks for investment, he ingeniously created the Fund of Funds, a mutual fund that buys the shares of other funds. Soon Cornfeld was hiring salesmen in droves and inspiring them with his own zeal through generous stock options and commissions that grow larger as their sales volume increases. I.O.S. salesmen draw no salary and pay their own expenses, many fail and quit, but the survivors often grow wealthy. Many of Cornfeld's early associates have retired in their thirties as millionaires. I.O.S.'s clients have not fared quite so well. \$10 invested in Fund of Funds in 1962 is worth \$23 today—a 130% gain as against a 192% average increase for comparable U.S. mutual funds.

Skirmishing Continues. At first, most of Cornfeld's customers were American abroad. But the Securities and Exchange Commission complained that I.O.S. was illegally selling unregistered securities to U.S. investors and that some of its funds were submitting false statements to conceal illegal rebates of brokerage commissions. The SEC was also concerned that criminal elements might be using I.O.S. as an outlet for illicit profits and demanded that Cornfeld reveal the names of all his customers. Cornfeld refused to do so, but he settled the case in 1967 by agreeing to cut all I.O.S. ties to the U.S. and to American investors. Nevertheless, the skirmishing continues. Last August, the SEC again charged I.O.S. with illegally selling unregistered stock in the U.S. In September, the commission accused I.O.S. of further technical hanky-panky involving fee splitting. The latest charges came just before I.O.S. successfully floated a \$110 million public offering of common stock (TIME, Oct. 3), and they made Cornfeld furious. "Government agencies are full of halfwits and political appointees who can't get a decent job elsewhere," he told TIME Correspondent Bob Ball. "The SEC is playing a very dangerous game at the heart of our economy. It's an irresponsible body."

I.O.S. has periodically tangled with other suspicious governments, which sometimes accuse its operatives of bend-

ing the spirit if not the letter of the law I.O.S. salesmen have been temporarily jailed in Brazil, India and Pakistan on suspicion of helping residents to avoid laws against sending money abroad. Last week Greek police were investigating I.O.S. on similar grounds.

Partly to smooth over such difficulties and partly to give his organization cachet, Cornfeld has recruited numerous political celebrities and other famous names as I.O.S. executives. Former U.N. Ambassador James Roosevelt, F.D.R.'s son, deals with foreign governments. Frich Mende, former Vice Chancellor of West Germany and onetime leader of the country's third largest political party, runs I.O.S. operations in Germany (where the company makes nearly 40% of its sales). Sweden's Count Carl Johan Bernadotte and Britain's Sir Eric Windham White, the former head of tariff writing GATT, sit on I.O.S.'s board of directors. Former German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard spurned Cornfeld's overtures, and now heads a rival mutual fund, but no less a personage than German Economics Minister Karl Schiller turned up as the main speaker last month at a pep rally for Bernie's German salesmen.

Tax Havens. A raffish odor clung to I.O.S. for years because its legal home was Panama and so many of its 110 subsidiaries were incorporated in tax havens—the Bahamas, Luxembourg, the Netherlands Antilles (One result is that I.O.S. paid only \$945,000 in taxes on its 1968 income of \$153 million). Lately, as Cornfeld's success has led dozens of other mutual funds to incorporate "off-shore," the tax-dodging criticism has lost much of its sting. Last June, I.O.S. quietly shifted its legal domicile to Canada. European bankers who once sneered at Cornfeld's brash ways have lately begun to copy his sales methods and solicit his business.

Three years ago, Swiss restrictions against foreign workers forced Cornfeld to move most of his 1,100-person administrative staff from Geneva to the sleepy French border village of Ferney-Voltaire (pop. 2,000). Cornfeld built prefab offices and apartments for his young male employees and lissome legions of British, German and American file clerks and secretaries. He gave the town a new school and low-interest loans to fix its roads and creaky telephone system.

Today, Cornfeld's colossus has grown so huge that he has turned over most of its management to two executive vice presidents, Lawyer Edward M. Cowett, 39, chief operating officer, and Allen R. Cantor, 37, the head of the sales force. Both are slight of build, quiet in manner and married; with their full beards, they look more like Victorian poets than multimillionaire financiers. Chairman-President Cornfeld provides inspiration; Cowett and Cantor devise the tactics.

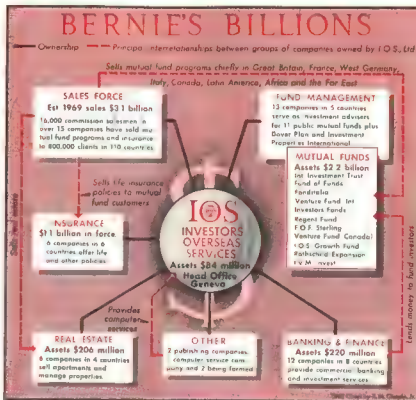
The arrangement gives Bernie time to pursue his personal fancies. For example, he recently bought an interest

in two fashion houses, Manhattan's Oleg Cassini and Paris' Guy Laroche. He has set up the I.O.S. Foundation, which last year donated some \$750,000 to welfare, science and the arts in 60 countries. Last month Bernie himself was received by Pope Paul VI in a private audience, and won the Pontiff's consent to issue a book relating I.O.S. activities to the papal encyclical urging that workers have a larger share in the fruits of industry. The project can scarcely fail to enhance I.O.S.'s appeal in Catholic countries.

Midnight Parties. Cornfeld lives in a style that a maharajah might envy. He rarely rises before 10 or 11 a.m. and sel-

every face. Now it's maybe one in 20."

Cornfeld has big ideas for the future. He sees opportunities in credit cards, travelers' checks and a communications network involving film studios, television stations and shopping centers built around an entertainment nucleus. He expects to expand his mutual funds, banking and insurance business into dozens of other countries. But now that his main income is derived from banking and insurance, his dream is to become Europe's largest investment banker. He envisages using I.O.S.'s torrent of cash to arrange mergers, to finance promising new enterprises, and most of all to buy and sell companies. "Our re-



dom goes to bed before 4 in the morning. He divides his time between a 13th century chateau in France, where he keeps a stable of horses, a Geneva lakeside villa loaded with costly antiques, a Paris apartment, a small but elegant London town house and a suite at Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel. Though he does not smoke and drinks mostly Coke, Cornfeld's passion for midnight parties is legendary. Last month's I.O.S. Christmas party in Geneva was typical: the staff danced from 8 p.m. till dawn to the beat of a psychedelic band, washed down an elaborate buffet with 3,000 bottles of Moët et Chandon *brut*. Despite the reddish stubble of his incipient beard, Cornfeld bestowed avuncular kisses on scores of comely employees. He observed a little sadly: "The family has grown too big. In the old days I knew

sources give us a substantial edge," says Cornfeld. "And profits are almost guaranteed."

Success has conferred a heavy responsibility on Bernie Cornfeld. I.O.S. remains essentially beyond the control of any major government. If his empire crumbled, the very size of the collapse could destroy public confidence in mutual funds across large portions of the world. I.O.S. has prospered by flouting tradition and stretching laws to their limit. Yet Cornfeld has popularized equity investment in Europe and, in the scramble to compete with him, a whole continent is beginning to turn toward the "people's capitalism" that Cornfeld preaches. Cornfeld's innovating has produced problems and controversy, but so far the benefits have outweighed the troubles.



"IT'S A HAWK! IT'S A BUZZARD!
IT'S A SUPERBANKER

HOUSING

Recognizing Market Realities

No major industry has been hit harder than housing by Washington's fight against inflation. By tightening credit, the Federal Reserve Board has sharply cut the supply of mortgage money; over the past twelve months, starts of new homes and apartments have dropped by 25%. Last week the Administration reluctantly raised the interest-rate ceiling on Government-backed home mortgages in an effort to draw more funds into homebuilding. The rate went up from 7½% to a record 8½%, effective this week, for Federal Housing Administration and Veterans Administration home loans. Because FHA borrowers must also pay a ½% insurance fee, the actual cost of FHA loans will rise to 9%.

George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, said that he acted in response to "the realities of the marketplace." Yields on almost all long-term investments have risen by well over 1% since last January, when the FHA and VA rates were lifted from 6½% to 7½%. Recently, lenders have been willing to make mortgage loans at the 7½% rate only by charging discounts as high as ten points—that is, advancing \$9 for every \$10 that must be repaid. The discount brings the return to lenders in line with that of competing investments, but sellers of existing houses and builders of new ones have either had to absorb the discount or add it to the selling price.

At the new 8½% rate, discounts on FHA and VA loans should drop sharply, except in four states and the District of Columbia, which have legal limits below 8½% for FHA and VA mortgages. In those five jurisdictions, lenders are likely to be more unwilling than before to make FHA and VA home loans at all. The 1% increase in the mortgage rate will add \$4,473 to the cost of

buying a \$25,000 home with a 25-year loan and a minimum down payment of \$2,500.

The Administration contends that the solution for housing's plight is to cure inflation, which should not only allow all interest rates to decline but increase the flow of money into the prime sources of mortgage loans: savings and loan associations and savings banks. That may take some time. Meanwhile, the nation's output of housing is likely to decline further and the high price of home loans seems certain to fan demands in Congress for measures to funnel less costly money into home financing.

BONDS

White Elephant on the Bay

When the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel opened in 1964, it was widely described as an engineering marvel and a surefire tourist attraction. Its 17½ miles of open spans and underwater tunnels connect Virginia's Cape Charles with the Norfolk area, uncorking what had been a major traffic bottleneck between New York and Florida. The 25-minute scenic crossing costs \$4 for car and driver, plus 85¢ for each passenger—just pennies more than the old 90-minute ferry fare of \$3.85 for car and driver. Yet traffic on the world's longest bridge-tunnel has been only half of what the experts predicted. In 1969, for example, drivers paid \$8,100,000 in tolls, less than half of the originally projected revenues. This discrepancy may well cause an embarrassing default on some bond interest payments.

The bridge-tunnel cost \$140 million, but to provide a reserve for a rainy day, Virginia's state-run Bridge-Tunnel District raised \$200 million in three bond issues. The reserve has been large-

ly exhausted to pay interest during the past six money-losing years. Unless the district can arrange emergency financing, it will have to skip the second half-interest payment of \$2,875,000 on \$100 million of 5½% C-series bonds next July. In that event, the interest obligation would accumulate but would be paid only if and when funds are available. Ventureome investors can now buy a \$1,000 C bond for \$310.

Matter of integrity. Officials of the district cling to the faint hope that Virginia's general assembly will bail out the bridge-tunnel, though the state has no legal obligation to vote financial aid. Such a move would cost the state \$5 million a year, initially. There are questions about the propriety of using tax money to pay off the bonds. The matter has caused anxious debate in the assembly, where the argument for support is that the state's reputation for fiscal integrity would be tarnished if Virginia let the bond issue of a political subdivision go into default.

Why is traffic on the bridge-tunnel so far below predictions? One reason is that improvements on the feeder highways to the north and south have fallen behind schedule. Moreover, a competitive inland route, the John F. Kennedy Memorial Highway, was finished ahead of time and has siphoned off much long-distance traffic. The original traffic projections also underestimated the increasing use of air travel.

Traffic rose a heartening 7% during 1969, but officials figure that the bridge-tunnel will not start to break even for another decade. An average of 105,518 cars, trucks and buses a month have been using the span, mostly on weekends. On weekdays, the roadways of the superspan are often deserted—except for clusters of seagulls.



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CINEMA

Elsinore of the Mind

Hamlet has obsessed the Western mind for 369 years. Why? It is not because most people love great works of art. On the contrary, most people find great works of art oppressive, since such works invariably center on the nature of human destiny, and that destiny is tragic. Quite simply, *Hamlet* is a world, and like the world, it cannot be ignored. Every man has lived some part of the play, and to be a man is to be inextricably involved in the play. *Hamlet* probes and grips the profound themes of existence—death, love, time, fidelity,



FAITHFULL AND WILLIAMSON IN "HAMLET"
A tiger in the jungle

friendship, family, the relationships of a man and a woman, a son and father, a mother and son, murder and madness. Above all, it probes the value of existence, man's most anguishing question put in the form that every man knows from the time he first hears and ponders it—to be or not to be.

Far from being a surefire part, the role of *Hamlet* dwarfs most actors. For the magnitude of the role requires a corresponding size and scope in the actor who plays it. Technique is not enough. Verbal violin play, a graceful carriage, a handsome profile—these suffice for the ordinary *Hamlet*. The great *Hamlet* is coached by life itself, schooled by life to think, listen, grow, love, hate, suffer and endure. So rigorous is this demand that in these more than 31 centuries there have been no more than a dozen great *Hamlets*. Everyone who is alive today has the rare and illuminating privilege of seeing one of them—Nicol Williamson.

Dramatic Vibe. This is a filmed version of the play (TIME, Feb. 28, 1969), and Williamson is a man of the theater in the same way that a tiger is a creature of the jungle. This means that he

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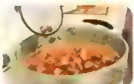
The Cooking of Provincial France Big, beautiful 248-page book measures 8½" by 11" and contains:

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- Guide to 21 of the world's most savory cheeses.
- Herb Garden Guide that tells and shows what herbs to plant in a kitchen garden or window box.
- Shopping Guide.
- Glossary of Food Terms.

The Cooking of Provincial France



First the chicken is browned starting each piece skin side down.



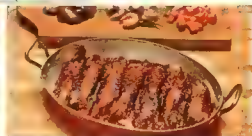
Next chicken is browned in the same sauce and finished.



Then chicken and shrimp are combined and simmered until done.



Three typical soups - split pea, vegetable and French onion.



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transcends the celluloid and holds the audience in a dramatic vise. His eyes sear the viewer. He is not speaking to the air; he is speaking to you! As far as Williamson is concerned, elocution be damned. Poetry be damned. Meaning is all. Never has *Hamlet* been rendered with more clarity or more biting timelessness, and that includes Gielgud, Olivier and Burton. Shakespeare held the mirror up to nature. Williamson holds a mirror up to the soul.

Two valuable aspects of the film have been contributed by Director Tony Richardson. He has cut the text by about a third, giving the production a brisk pace without mangling it. Olivier's film never evoked "the pale cast of thought." It made *Hamlet* an agile activist who, as one critic put it, was "too busy" to kill the king. Richardson has concentrated on closeups of heads. The most concrete image in *Hamlet* is Yorick's skull the symbol of mortality. The abstract image is the human brain. The existential terrain of *Hamlet* is the mind, vast as the earth and narrow as the tomb. By concentrating on men's faces and skulls, Richardson has located the essential geography of *Hamlet* far more relevantly than if he had built some grandiose castle of Elsinore.

Apart from Williamson, the cast is uneven, with Anthony Hopkins' Claudius and Judy Parfitt's Gertrude lacking sufficient force, maturity and sensuality. But Marianne Faithfull's Ophelia is remarkably affecting. She is ethereal, vulnerable, and in some strange way purer than the infancy of truth. Yet the granitic power and sweep of the film rest with Williamson. Here are antic wit, sarcasm, irony, erotic longings, a sentient intelligence that lights up thought like the sun at dawn.

Daily Plank. Williamson has something more that sets him apart from almost every other actor. He is a Scot, and every inch the child of John Knox out of Calvin. What he puts into *Hamlet* and all the other parts that he has played is the passionate intensity of a religious zealot. This makes him a metaphysical actor who asks people to look into the abyss of being. Most people prefer to walk the safe 9-to-5 plank of their daily lives and never look over the edge at fate.

Hemingway once said of the great bullfighter Joselito that, having given greatly of himself in the bull ring, he found the crowd asking for more. And so, said Hemingway, he gave his life, because that was all he had. That is what Nicol Williamson ineffectually gives.

Together Again For the First Time

Not long ago, people went up to the attic to stow clutter away. Today they bring it down. Nostalgia and its bastard cousin, camp, have transformed debris into antiques, and trivia into gold. In the Hollywood attic, two losers have been moldering for over a year, wait-



VOIGHT HOFFMAN
Enough to look lobotomized.

ing for a miracle that would render them profitable. The leftovers are *Fearless Frank* and *Madigan's Millions*, and the miracle is *Midnight Cowboy*, which reinforced the reputation of Dustin Hoffman and elevated Jon Voight from a cipher into a star with a six figure salary. This month American International Pictures, with the calculation of a jeweler digging out his stock of Mickey Mouse watches, is distributing a double bill that brings the boys together again for the first time.

Fearless Frank is a comic strip brought to life in all two dimensions. In the title role, Voight plays a Superman hero and his Frankensteinian twin. Occasionally, he perks up enough to look lobotomized; the rest of the time he second-fiddles amid a frantically improvising cast—which includes Novelist Nelson Algren. The only player



FRANCISCUS, HACKMAN & CRENNAN
Abandoned to God and Walter Cronkite.

who truly understands this kind of cartoon is not the blond, bland star but Severn Darden, a refugee from Chicago's improvisational Second City troupe. Darden portrays a mad doctor who would seem far more at home speaking balloons than lines.

As for Hoffman, he was airlifted from off-Broadway to Rome for *Madigan's Millions* and given a fast \$5,000 for his first film role as a fumbling, bumbling G-man. Today he could light his cigars with bills of that size—and may be tempted to put his screen debut to the same use. At first glance, he can hardly be blamed. The movie's garish color and lighting would give an aspirin a headache, and its flubbed, dubbed screenplay is sheer, towering Babel. Yet here and there are some amusing hints of the ludicrous student who became the *Graduate*.

Beyond the simple history and mild comedy that its twin bill offers Hoffman-Voight fans, American International Pictures deserves an additional salute from the industry. Eyes fixed on the rear-view mirror and hands planted in the cash register, AIP has devised a unique way to greet the '70s, ringing in the now by wringing out the old.

One-Half

The men who made *Marooned* raised a disturbing and fascinating problem: How can stranded astronauts be rescued in space? During the first half of their space saga, they exploit the mental—and national—tensions implicit in the plausible nightmare. Since the hardware and space-shot techniques resemble the real thing as seen on TV, there is an aura of verisimilitude about the mission. But the project is scrubbed after a disturbing word is flashed onscreen: Intermission. After that, *Marooned* rates about one-half out of a possible 2001.

Three astronauts, Pruett (Richard Crenna), Stone (James Franciscus) and Lloyd (Gene Hackman), have been in orbit for five months. Deterioration of reflex and temperament have set in so markedly that the two can deliver only muted mumbles back to earth. "Return" comes the order from Charles Keith (Gregory Peck) at Mission Control. But the retro-rockets misfire. With less than 48 hours of oxygen left, Control decides to abandon the boys to God and Walter Cronkite—at least until the entrance of crusty Space Veteran Ted Dougherty (David Janssen).

Dougherty proposes to jet up there on an impromptu rescue mission, despite the imminence of Hurricane Alice. Meanwhile, back at the launch pad, biting their lips behind the control panel during all this are the astronauts' wives, who await an even more vital decision: Which of the trio will sacrifice his oxygen to save his buddies? The wrangle between Control and Dougherty is reminiscent of the old I'll-take-the-biplane-up—you-stay-here-and-marry-Jane dispute. But then, so is the whole plot.

BOOKS

Murder Will Out

THE MASARYK CASE by Claire Sterling. 366 pages Harper & Row \$7.95

Views of the cold war are still being busily revised. Much that was once taken on this side of the Iron Curtain as a clear-cut matter of Soviet aggression is now being questioned. Among many events that revisionism is unlikely to explain away, however, is the murder of Jan Masaryk in Prague on March 10, 1948.

Or so Claire Sterling concludes in a new study of the case. The Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, she says, was murdered—exactly as cold war history had it—by the Communists, under Soviet direction, two weeks after the party had taken power in Czechoslovakia. The guilty party was quick to declare Masaryk a suicide. Even in 1948, hardly anybody in Prague believed the story. Four weeks ago, after more than 20 years, the Czech Communists closed an investigation they themselves had opened under the liberal Dubček regime. Despite the new presence of the Russian army, they withdrew the suicide verdict. But in a grotesque compromise (TIME, Dec. 19, 1969), they decided that Masaryk's fall from his bathroom window was an accident.

Detective Story. The circumstances were obscure. At sunrise on March 10, Masaryk's body was found in the courtyard of the Cernin Palace. He was in pajamas, barefoot. He lay on his back a yard from the open bathroom window 30 feet above. He seemed to have landed on his feet, for both legs were broken at the ankles, the heels shattered, the stumps protruding and bits of bone strewn over the cobbles. His hands were scuffed, and the fingernails had paint or plaster beneath them.

Within minutes of the "discovery" of Masaryk's body, the case and his apartment were sealed off by the Communist-run security police, led by Interior Minister Václav Nosek. Within months, at least 25 people who knew something or were believed to know something were locked up. Of these, 14 were executed, murdered, committed suicide or, as the phrase went, "died in prison."

By sifting every scrap of evidence and interviewing virtually everyone still alive who could have knowledge of the death, the author has reconstructed certain essentials. There was extreme disorder in both Masaryk's bedroom and bathroom—pillows on the bathroom floor and in the dry tub, glass bottles from the medicine chest ground under foot, a smear of excrement on the sill. Strangely, Masaryk had gone out the bathroom window even though it was much smaller than the one in the bedroom and very awkward to reach.

Claire Sterling, a veteran foreign correspondent now on the staff of Harper's Magazine, relies heavily on such

physical facts, construed more logically, to prove murder. On authority from forensic medicine, she makes the point that men on the point of suicide do not lose control of their bowels. Such loss of control is a symptom of the last stages of suffocation. As the author visualizes it, the struggle between the 200-lb. Czech statesman and his assailants began in the bedroom and progressed to the bathroom. There they finally managed to hold him down in the tub and stuff him with pillows. When he was unconscious or nearly so, he was shoved out the nearest window, feet first.

In some ways, the method of Masaryk's murder is the least of the mys-



JAN MASARYK

Into a world gone soft on myths.

teries surrounding the case. Presumably Masaryk was murdered because he was the only remaining political figure who might stir popular resistance against the party, and so draw in Western support. But who ordered the murder? Were the murderers themselves killed? When a new investigation began during the brief freedom permitted by the Dubček government in 1968, why did the new investigating prosecutor distort the evidence—as he did, among other ways, by downplaying the disorder in Masaryk's apartment? Claire Sterling answers these attendant mysteries of 1948 by relating her long train of sleuthing. Though repetitive, and at times infuriatingly complex (there are 112 characters involved), the result is a sporadically enthralling detective story.

It is something more; a fascinating palimpsest of history. Author Sterling evokes the intricate maneuverings sur-

rounding the 1948 putsch and describes the earlier tragic betrayal that led to Hitler's 1938 march into the Sudetenland. She outlines the Russian troop movements that took place in 1948 and shows how in 1968 Soviet agents poured into Czechoslovakia in much the same fashion. It is indeed melancholy to be reminded that men like Ludvík Svoboda and Josef Smrkovský, valiant champions of liberal democracy in 1968, were deeply implicated in the 1948 putsch—Svoboda as a pliant Defense Minister who kept the troops in their barracks, Smrkovský as the man who armed and led the Communist Workers' Militia into the streets.

Deeper Mystery. Beyond the bloody murder and the political history lies a deeper mystery: Jan Masaryk himself. His fiancée-mistress, Marcia Davenport, who left Prague two days before his death, has written that he did not kill himself and would not "intentionally have gone out the window." As the son of the austere Tomáš Masaryk, founder of the nation after World War I, Jan Masaryk was revered by the Czechoslovak people. He was also loved by them for his charm and his proven loyalty. But much that he did, or failed to do, remains unclear. Why, for instance, as the personification of Czechoslovak democracy, did he remain in the Czech government after the 1948 Communist takeover? Was he in touch with Western agents? Was he planning to flee?

In the absence of hard evidence, insight into such questions might come from inner knowledge of Masaryk's character. Claire Sterling devotes a chapter to martyred Religious Hero Jan Hus and to Jaroslav Hašek's rumpled anti-hero Good Soldier Schweik as they relate to the Czechoslovak national character and to Masaryk's own. Masaryk remains curiously elusive, a betwixt and between figure. If he had been a passionately unrelenting zealot like Hus (a figure hardly characteristic of his country in modern times), the history of Czechoslovakia after the war might have been different. He loved Schweik, with his comic, little-man's passive resistance to "patriotism, militarism, idealism, totalitarianism, causes of whatever kind, and all plots, schemes, blandishments and exhortations." On the record, Masaryk, in dealing with the Communists, tried to follow several Schweikian rules.

Never offer open resistance to an irresistible force.

Always offer to cooperate.

Never actually do so, despite your most valiant efforts.

In the end, though, Masaryk bore too much responsibility and was too aristocratic to play the lowly Schweik for long. Though it was not his fault, he failed tragically to live up to Schweik's cardinal rule: "Always try to outlive the enemy, dying will get you nowhere."

* "He had a very great fear of pain. He had quantities of sedatives and sleeping drugs sufficient to commit suicide."



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Nostalgic Scramble

FROM THE CRASH TO THE BLITZ: 1929-1939 by Cabell Phillips. 596 pages. Macmillan. \$12.50.

What explains the popularity of the only-yesterday school of history? Is it the reassuringly manageable look? Chaos neatly packaged with all the shapelessness of the *Farmer's Almanac*. Is it the pleasant mood of nostalgia? One's youth staged under soft lights to the music of Guy Lombardo. Is it the chewy, toothsome presence of facts? Dates, names and practically nothing else.

Whatever the reason, just feed readers those scenario-setting lines like "Saturday, March 4, 1933, was a raw, blustery day in Washington . . ." and watch them freak out, history-trippers all.

New York *Times*man Cabell Phillips, author of *The Truman Presidency* and a Washington reporter for 25 years, says that the "framework" of what he calls his "journalistic reprise" is "necessarily political." But the charm of the only-yesterday memoir is its look of pure miscellany. For all his muttering about framework, Phillips' shambles, happily, is no exception.

At the cocktail party of total recall, Lou Gehrig rubs elbows with Harry Hopkins, and Hitler bumps nastily into John Dillinger. Jean Harlow, meet Eleanor Roosevelt. Jim Farley, do you know Ina Ray Hutton? Father Coughlin, as I live and breathe!

Juxtaposition makes trivia. Election results get scrambled with World Series scores and the falling stock quotations on "Black Thursday," 1929. Depression headlines seem to queue up next to Earl Carroll chorus lines.

And what can Phillips possibly say about the Depression? First, the throat-clearing generalization: "Some authorities describe it as the ultimate collapse

of the industrial revolution, with the machine devouring man." Then on to the insatiable facts: one family in five had \$3,000 to spend in 1932, the average weekly wage of factory workers was \$16.21, the cost of a Chevy was \$445, etc. The New Deal becomes a kind of family album of brain-truster portraits, with a few hasty tributes from Old Liberal Phillips. For instance: "Social Security was the most profound and the most enduring" of F.D.R.'s reforms.

Only-yesterday histories have special charm for the connoisseur who wants to collect early POLICE BRUTALITY pictures (see page 263). Or the crank who loves typographical errors—Charles Lindbergh (page 23), P. G. Woodhouse (page 472), Charles Evans Hughes (page 503). The only-yesterday's narrator is a White Rabbit. Always he must hurry on. With more than 850 photographs and drawings, Phillips' documentary spews images at double-quick newsreel speed while splicing commentary at the tempo of a tobacco auctioneer.

From the Crash to the Blitz is the first volume in the New York *Times* series, *Chronicle of American Life*. The 1940s, 1950s and 1960s are also scheduled to be turned into only-yesterday history. Stand by, America, for all the nostalgia that's fit to print.

House Guest

OWL by William Service. 92 pages. Knopf. \$4.

"The ancients," writes William Service, "attributed to the owl great wisdom. I, more careful, attribute to him the keenest appetite to find things out." The same might be said of Service himself. His *Owl* is less the result of wisdom than of a keen if bemused curiosity. No man can know all about a bird, especially a screech owl who possesses, as the book jacket puts it, the proportions of a beer can and the personality of a bank president. But a year of open-minded daily contact with such a creature is bound to lead to something, and in this case it has led to one of the most elegant and perceptive pieces of nature writing since T. H. White fell in with a goshawk.

Owl (his name as well as his kind) arrived in the already pet-filled Service household in a coffee can borne by children. He had apparently tumbled out of a nest, later proving, while still an owlet, his general incompetence in such matters by repeatedly walking off the edge of a table. Too little to be abandoned once more to the hazards of the woods, he stayed, ate eagerly and soon learned to fly and hunt. He also solved the family cat and dog problem. Chirring fiercely, he fixed them with a furious yellow stare and threw a hex on them. "The animal which looks back at you with two eyes at once," maintains Service, "tends to stand high in the local food chain, i.e., not one of nature's victims."

Owl scrupulously avoids the fallen

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1 last week)
2. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2)
4. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (4)
5. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean (9)
6. *Fire from Heaven*, Resnais (5)
7. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (6)
8. *In This House of Brede*, Godden (7)
9. *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (8)
10. *The Shivering Sands*, Holt

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinniss (1)
2. *Present at the Creation*, Acheson (2)
3. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (4)
4. *The Collapse of the Third Republic*, Shriver (3)
5. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith (7)
6. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (3)
7. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (8)
8. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (6)
9. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook*
10. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Tulese

archness common among animal books. Service is fascinated by Owl as owl, not homunculus, and comes forth with a number of unexpected facts about the species. Owls' eyes, for example, do not move in their sockets. And Owl, Service found, could not see his own feet, or focus on anything closer than eight or ten inches away. For all Service could tell, owls may even see double all the time. Yet in the dimmest light Owl could spot a small moth 20 feet away—if it moved, and provided he was hungry.

The author admits to the impossibility of considering Owl without indulging in a certain amount of anthropomorphism—"he postures too much; he walks about bobbling like an old man with hands clasped behind back." But as a fair observer, Service, a writer and amateur naturalist, points out that human logic isn't much help in understanding a screech owl. For one thing, how do you know what the bird is thinking when, say, he shreds a piece of spinach into 55 fragments before leaving it? Or why he reacts with evident horror to the sight of an upright moving stick? Or why, though something of a gourmet, Owl once consumed a lucky rabbit's foot down to the metal clip? "Since I can't get a reasonable answer, I suggest he doesn't know why himself," observes Service, adding judiciously: "Perhaps he is losing his mind."

In the end, Owl died one day with no more warning than had marked his arrival. In the family's routine he left "a very small blank—precisely owl-shaped." Service's very small book is not precisely owl-shaped, but it serves most excellently to fill a blank in an attentive reader's life that hardly anyone would suspect was there.



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1. We double wall the pickup box.

Put a double-strong double wall of steel all the way around, top to bottom.

You might say a Fleetside pickup has two cargo boxes—one inside and one outside. So cargo dings inside don't show outside.

2. Also the cab.

When we build a truck, we build a truck.

That calls for a cab that's double-wall tough in roof panel, cowl assembly, rear body panel and body sills. (Strong reasons why Chevrolets last longer.)

3. Add fender liners to fight rust.

Some pickups will put up with rust; we tell it where to get off.

Example: inside the front fenders, we've built special protective liners. They act as self-washing shields against rust-causing mud and slush.

4. Cut down on welded joints.

Other pickup builders weld body

side panels together. We might, too, if we didn't have this thing about rust.

We like our way better: one-piece outer body side panels. No external welded joints to corrode.

You'll like it better, too.

5. Build in better visibility.

When you sit in a Chevy, look around. You'll see why it's the best truck in sight.

Big windows. Largest expanse of glass area of any popular pickup.

Other easy-going features, like foam-padded seats, make the outlook even better.

6. Spruce up the styling inside and out.

We say a workhorse doesn't have to be a beast.

It can be smooth-lined and stylishly appointed on the outside. And tastefully done inside with such niceties available as chrome-rimmed controls, deep-pile carpeting, soft bucket seats and center console.

Like a Chevy Fleetside pickup.

7. Put a tough frame underneath.

Our feeling about Chevy pickup longevity comes from deep down.

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